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Outside.

Just a gleam through the darkness—
The lift of two eyes from a book,
A glance—but some glances are heaven!
To such eyes 'tis given
To crea e Paradise in a look.

Just a face in the lamplight;
A hand, and some glittering hair;
But hearts have been broken, 'tis said,
And white steel turned red
For faces less faultlessly fair!

Merely a girl in her beauty,
Her glory of freshness and youth,
But what has earth better to sigh for—
To live for—to die for—
Than innocence, beauty and youth!

Monument and Turf.

Full in the midst of these gray bounds
A lordly stone upswells;
The scroll, that thrice its bulk surrounds,
The passing stranger tells
Of what renowned line he came,
Who 'neath the marble lies,
What deeds he wrought of mark and fame,
That live when mortal dies.

And deep is graved how high his worth
Was prized, how widely known,
What honors crowned him from his birth,
What grief had raised the stone;
Yet he sleeps calmly on beneath,
Where Silence mocks at Fame;
Nor heeds the pomp made over death,
This blazon of his name.

Some paces off and thou wilt see
A grave of simple show,
As lowly and retired as he
Had been who rests below;
High rank and riches kept afar,
While they enjoyed their day,
The high and low—what social bar
May now divide their clay?

No honors mark the poor man's tomb,
This green, secluded spot,
Yet still the pansy's purple bloom
Proclaims him not forgot;
No graven stone reclines above
To mourn the humble dead,
But woman's grief and children's love
Bedew the hallowed bed.

Nor here is any record hung
Of lineage and race,
The turf alone tells whence he sprung,
Who fills this narrow space:
His virtues slumber with his dust,
Unrecked of and unknown;
But God, in Whom reposed his trust,
Receives Him for His own.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

What Cured Mrs. Nugent.

A large, elegantly furnished bedroom, that was the very ideal of luxurious comfort and convenience. It was a picture of artistic beauty and tasteful wealth, and the sweet, lovely face, lying on the lace-edged pillows, was itself a picture, with its pure, ivory complexion, dark, wistful eyes, heavy brows and lashes, and the luxuriant golden hair that trailed almost to the floor as the invalid swung it wearily aside.

She had been lying there such a long, wearisome time, and she didn't get any better—rather, she grew weaker and more nervous with every passing day, although her sweetness of temper did not desert her, nor her patient endurance.

Every day for months Dr. Grassmere would drive up in his carriage and make his professional visit, and leave his orders for the day, and then drop in Mr. Nugent's study below and report.

And yet Mrs. Nugent did not get well; and there came to be a look of fear and pain in her husband's face, and one of puzzled dismay on Dr. Grassmere's countenance.

"I am entirely at a loss to account for your wife's persistence in remaining ill, Harry. I've given her enough tonic to enable her to shoulder a cathedral, and yet there she lies as you see her—patient, resigned, obedient, but—no better. I can't see that there is any organic trouble anywhere. Beyond a general debility and depression of spirits, nothing ails her."

Harry Nugent looked anxiously in the good-natured face of this trusty, sensible old doctor, who had been the family physician of the Nugents ever since the time he had ushered young Harry into the world—twenty-five years ago—who had known him well, as baby boy, and man, and who was friend and adviser.

"But she suffers, doctor, she certainly suffers. There are times when she is very faint, and says she feels so deathly; and her poor heart will pant as if it would leap from side to side. My darling little Nellie! Oh, Doctor Grassmere you know I would give half my fortune to see her well and about again, light-hearted and cunny-smiled as she was six months ago, before baby came and died."

Dr. Grassmere was corrugating his big, bald forehead into a perfect nest of deep, puzzled wrinkles.

"Bless her sweet face, I believe I'd give all of mine if I could get her out again. Honestly, Harry, my skill is exhausted. I don't know what else to do. There's no use pouring any more medicine down her. I will confess, my boy, I'm discouraged."

Harry's handsome face blanched.

"Good heavens, doctor! Is she so bad as that? Will she die? She's not dying, is she?"

He sprang to his feet as he spoke, agitated and heart-sick.

"Not positively dying, Harry, but I tell you she can't live very long in this passive condition in which she rests, month in and month out. To save my soul, I couldn't persuade her to be helped up in the easy chair for a while this morning—I never was so tempted in my life as I was to pick her up bodily and carry her into the next room."

Harry gave a little cry of dismay.

"Oh, doctor, how could you dream of such a thing? Why, it would have killed her—she's so weak she fainted yesterday when I told her there were a couple of lady friends in the drawing-room who wanted to see her."

Dr. Grassmere gave an extra polish to his speckless gold-rimmed glasses.

"That's it, precisely! She won't see anybody, and thus get a chance of being cheered up a little. She's just lying there, letting her life ooze away while her nurse croaks to her and reads pages on pages of 'The Glories of Heavenly Rest,' and 'Comfort to Dying Souls'—two admirable books, I grant, but hardly the sort of reading suitable to any one for whose life we are fighting."

Harry's face was grave and thoughtful.

"Do you really think I had better dismiss Mrs. Carter and get a younger and more cheerful nurse?"

"Emphatically. I am prolonging my stay this morning far beyond its prescribed limits, just because I am convinced something decided has to be done. I want you to spirit those doleful books away; I want you to try the experiment of reading a little to Nellie yourself—nothing funny or amusing, for the change would be too sudden—but something entertaining. Then—I want you to get another doctor."

Harry looked at him in blank amazement.

"Another doctor?"

"Just so, my dear boy. My skill has been tested to the full. I honestly think it will be best to treat your wife to a decided change. And I want you to send for a lady doctor, too—there's a sympathy between women that may turn to advantage in this case."

Harry looked blanker than ever.

"A lady doctor?"

"Yes—one I know, and will strongly recommend. A sensible, skillful, agreeable woman, to whom your wife will incline, and whose influence will be more palpable than mine. Do it, Harry. Authorize me to send Doctor Gertrude Ashton here this afternoon. I'll see her, and give her a history of the case, and I'll promise to have an eye after you all; and, please heaven, we'll make a desperate effort for Nellie's life."

So it came to pass that Dr. Grassmere called at the surgery of Miss Ashton, and had a long consultation with her; and at four o'clock of that afternoon, when Harry was sitting at his wife's bedside, telling her that Mrs. Carter was obliged to leave her, and that another nurse was coming, that a servant announced that Dr. Ashton was waiting.

And a minute after there came into the room a fair-faced, graceful-formed girl, of perhaps twenty-two or three, with the sweetest, most thoughtful face Harry Nugent thought he had ever seen. Even Nellie, who took so little notice of everything, was instantly impressed by the beauty of the large, laughing gray eyes, overshadowed by luxurious purple-black brows—eyes that seemed at constant variance with the gravity, and dignity, and self-possession expressed by the firm, well-shaped mouth, with its warmly red lips.

Mr. Nugent arose and bowed.

"Is this Doctor Ashton? I am glad to see you. This is our invalid—my wife, Mrs. Nugent."

Then came a long list of professional questions, then several professional directions, one or two suggestions, and then a general conversation ensued, in which Harry and the pretty doctor had their fair share.

And then Dr. Ashton said good morning to Nellie, promising to bring her a new book of which they had been talking, and was escorted down to her elegant little phaeton that awaited her at the door, with the groom in livery perched in his high back seat.

"Before we say good morning, Mr. Nugent, there is one word to be said regarding your wife. I am convinced there is nothing the matter with her that might not be removed of her own will. She is prostrated and nervous because she persists in keeping her bed; she must be made to get out of it. Indeed, if I may speak so emphatically, I may declare that Mrs. Nugent will die of pure obstinacy in refusing to get well."

Harry stood beside the phaeton, his handsome face wearing a look of gravity and bewilderment.

"That is what Doctor Grassmere said. We all admit she ought to get out of her sick bed, but what good will it do to give her the shock necessary to rouse her?"

Miss Ashton looked the very picture of professional skill as she answered:

"A shock! Certainly not. An alarm of fire or a rumor of danger would perhaps kill—perhaps cure her, but that risk is not to be taken. It is just this, Mr. Nugent. Your wife honestly believes she is too ill ever to recover, and you know, as well as I, what wonderful effects the mind produces electrically on the physical organization. Now, for the sake of her life, which can be saved, we must get her out of bed—let her know for herself she is able to do it—and to accomplish this Doctor Grassmere has asked me to take the case. We have arranged a plan of action which he will tell you; and I think in a very short time you will see Mrs. Nugent on the road to recovery."

Shortly after the doctor found the invalid propped up among the lace-frilled pillows, looking very pale and thin, and gentle and patient as usual.

"Well, Mrs. Nellie, and how are you coming on nowadays, with your new doctor? I declare, you do look better. Feel better, I should say. Glorious weather to convalesce in."

He held her little cold hand in his big one, and caressed it as one might a baby's fingers.

"I am comfortable, Doctor Grassmere, and that is all I can expect. I am glad to see you, and so will Harry be. Isn't it nearly time he was home to luncheon?"

Dr. Grassmere held out his watch.

"Nearly—yes, quite time. Has Doctor Ashton called to-day? I was in hopes I should see her."

Nellie twisted her ring on her poor thin finger, her one ring, her wedding ring.

"We like her very much. She is very beautiful and fascinating, and she and Harry have such nice times together, laughing and talking."

A faint little sigh ended the remark.

"So you think Harry admires her—not any more than he ought to, eh?"

Nellie looked bewildered at him, and for the first time for months, a flush crept to her pale face.

"More than he ought to! What do you mean, Doctor Grassmere?"

And there was emphasis in the sweet, surprised voice as Nellie put the question—a question that Dr. Grassmere did not answer, because there came a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of a servant bringing Mrs. Nugent's lunch—a quail on toast, a cup of chocolate, a soft-boiled egg, and a saucer of luscious peaches and cream—of all of which, perhaps, a half-dozen tastes would be taken.

And besides, there was a letter lying on the damask-covered silver tray—a letter whose envelope was jagged, as if it had been hurriedly torn open.

"Oh, a letter for you, Mrs. Nugent?"

Dr. Grassmere put on his glasses as he prepared to cut Nellie's quail to suit, but was interrupted by a faint exclamation from Nellie, who had taken the letter and seen, first, the superscription—"Mr. Harry Nugent," and then—hurriedly tearing it open, the beginning—"My darling Harry," and the ending, "Ever your own true Gertrude."

"Where did you get it?" she asked, almost gasping, of the maid.

"Indade, and it was a-layin' on the flure of the hall as I cam' along, ma'am, and I on'y just minded me to pick it up, thinking it was bist to give it to yez, Indade, and not knowin' the writin' on it, I t'ought it——"

But Nellie was not listening. She had pushed away the little table where the luncheon stood, and in her excitement and horror had risen from her bed, and was leaning on her elbow, devouring the horrible letter that read that her husband had become ired of her whining invalidism, and had concluded to take French leave for awhile; and in answer to his entreaties that Dr. Ashton would practically prove the love she had so often declared, was this letter from her, consenting to fly with him, and agreeing to meet him at the Clarendon Hotel that very day, at noon, to make their final arrangements.

Then, when she had read it, Nellie fainted, and while she lay there several seconds, white and unconscious, Dr. Grassmere read the letter, and laughed.

"Pretty good! First rate! I declare I couldn't 'a' done it better myself! Clarendon, eh, now, I'll bet on Nellie when she comes to!"

And almost as soon as she opened her eyes Nellie struggled up in bed, her eyes more expressive than Dr. Grassmere had seen them for many a day.

"Go, for a carriage—quick! Send Pauline to me. I must get up somehow—anyhow! Oh, Dr. Grassmere, to think my Harry—"

She swallowed back her tears, and looked determinedly at him.

"If I find them—if I find her—do be quick, Dr. Grassmere—do be quick!"

And the moment the door had closed on him Nellie Nugent was on her feet for the first time in months—trembling, weak, it was true, but fired by a vehemence that sent her blood pulsing riotously along along her veins. With the assistance of Pauline she was soon dressed and wrapped in her shawl, and then, chuckling to himself, Dr. Grassmere escorted her down stairs, every step she took firmer than the other, every moment adding brighter indignation to her eyes, until when what seemed a longer drive than necessary, their carriage drove up to the ladies' entrance of the Clarendon. Mrs. Nugent would never have been taken for the woman who, two hours ago, had been lying white and helpless among the pillows of the bed she had not left for so long. At the Clarendon, Dr. Grassmere escorted her to the ladies' parlor, while he went on a tour of investigation. In five minutes he returned and took Nellie on his arm, and together they ascended by the elevator to almost the very door of a private parlor, before which Dr. Grassmere paused.

"Now, Nellie, my dear child, are you all ready for a surprise? Are you sure you can bear what you will hear in a moment?

And Nellie, cresting her head a second in righteous indignation, then lowering it with sudden anguish of heart, told Dr. Grassmere she knew her heart was broken because Harry was so cruelly treacherous.

Dr. Grassmere and she followed the servant in; then he dismissed the man, and then he called out—

"Harry! Here she is! We've managed to get her out of her own free will, and the result is—well, look at her."

And Harry came out from the second room of the suite, and rushed up to her and caught her in his arms.

"Nellie! My darling! Thank heaven for this!" said Harry.

And Nellie, bewildered, half frightened, looked inquiringly around.

"But—where is—where is Dr Ashton?"

Then Dr. Grassmere laughed as if he never would stop, and even Mr. Nugent smiled as he held her in his arms and smoothed her cheek caressingly.

"I confess I did not like the means to get you here, darling, but Doctor Grassmere was so confident—and you see he was not wrong—and as Doctor Ashton is his betrothed wife—why, I coisented. You will forgive us all the innocent little trick, Nellie!"

And from that very hour Nellie Nugent dated her recovery, and that very night, in her drawing room, the three conspirators laughed with her over their very heroic treatment.

"It happened to save me," Nellie says dubiously. "All the same, I shall never recommend good-looking lady doctors."

Fashion Notes

Circle cloaks are growing in favor.

Point lace mittens are worn by brides.

Knife-blade plaiting is as popular as ever.

The dress all in one piece grows in popularity.

Bonnets of every imaginable material are seen at present.

Bonnets of kid and of velvet are considered the most stylish.

Undressed black Swelish gloves are very popular for demi-toilet.

The most fashionable fur stoles are of black, white, or silver fox furs.

Fur linings and fur borderings are having a decided run at present.

The fashionable fur for the neck this winter is the fur stole bordered with lace.

Embossed and Jacquard woven velvets are destined to have only a temporary reign.

Many ladies of fastidious tastes reject the variegated jet trimmings and embroideries.

The gypsy ring with the jewel embedded in gold is the engagement ring of the moment.

Outside facings appear on many of the handsomest cloaks where a quiet effect is aimed at.

Box-plaited flounces of medium depth appear on the front breadths of the latest Paris dresses.

Bows of ribbon with the ends finished with tassels of various kinds are seen on nearly all dressy costumes.

Fringes, gimps, passementeries, and other dress trimmings are gorgeous with variegated jet beads this season.

Deep collars of lace, with broad cuffs to match, and intended to be worn outside of the sleeve, are coming in vogue.

Narrow satin ribbon of various colors, and shaded from dark to pale tints, are used at the moment for trimming lingerie.

Sleeves are no longer trimmed at the wrist, broad cuffs of lace or linen, or embroidered cambric having come into such general use.

Lace-trimmed lingerie, in the form of fichus and chemisettes for very young girls, is a Paris fashion destined to become very popular in New York.

The Lamballe redingote, a simple polonaise with a small double cape or Garrick of the material of the garment, is the popular novelty of the moment.

Large buckles and slides of metal and jet appear on fashionable costumes made of heavy dress fabrics, such as bourettes, Astrachan, camels' hair, and knotted silk and wool goods.

The Light-hearted Japanese Children.

One of the first lessons presented to a foreign teacher in Japan is the reason of the great apparent happiness and light-heartedness of Japan children. One may walk for hours through the streets of Tokio, and scarcely ever hear a child's cry of distress. Four principal causes of this superiority of the children of Japan over those of other nations have been suggested by an English lady resident there. They are worthy of the attention of the teachers at home. The style of clothing, loose and yet warm, is far more comfortable than the dress of our children. Japanese children are much more out in the open air and sunshine. The absence of furniture, and therefore the absence of repeatedly given instructions "not to touch." The thick, soft matting, forming at once the carpet and beds of all Japanese houses, and the raised lintel on to which the child may clamber as it grows strong, constitutes the very bean ideal of an infant's play-ground. Children are much petted, without being capriciously thwarted.

A child is not cuffed one moment and indulged the next. To these four most suggestive reasons the writer would add a fifth, which is, that Japanese character is so constituted as to bring their elders into strong sympathy with the little ones. It has been well said that "Japan is a paradise for babies," for you may see old and young playing together at battle-door and shuttle-cock in the streets; while on holidays the national amusement of men women and children is flying huge paper kites. Puppet shows and masquerades also have their votaries in thousands, from among both sexes and all ages.

A Fourth of July Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Ward of Allentown, Pa., have been man and wife since 1867. On the 4th of July, 1870, their first child was born. A second was born on the 4th of July, 1871. The 4th of July, 1872, added a third child to Mr. Ward's family, and the coming of every succeeding anniversary of American Independence has been celebrated by Mrs. Ward in presenting her husband with a fine, healthy child. They consequently have eight children, born in as many years, and with a year to a day between them, that day the "ever memorable birthday of Freedom."

HOW JOE WEAKENED.

His Last Glance at the Grassy Prarie, the Sun, the Birds, and the Antelopes.

In that great horse-shoe bend of the Little Bear-Paw Mountain, which catches a great flood of sunshine at noonday, sixty strong and sturdy men were digging into the base of the black-topped mountain in search of silver.

We were not in luck, and, though each man was gloomy and disappointed, there was no excuse for murder. We had banded together to share and share alike, and if fortune smiled on one, all would receive benefits.

One night, when the day's toil of fifty-seven men yielded an estimate of only $6, the miners cursed and swore, and felt like striking each other. We were short of provisions, new tools were needed, and the men turned in for the night with a determination to strike for some other locality if the next day's work should exhibit like barren results.

At midnight there was a great outcry. It was not an Indian attack, as each miner anticipated when he rushed out, but a horrible murder had been committed, and the murderer captured by one of the sentinels. A miner named Joseph Swain, but hardly known in camp by any other name than "Joe," occupied a tent in company with a man named Arnold. The two were on good terms, but while Arnold had about $300 in gold coin, acquired in other speculations, Swain hadn't a dollar outside of the common fund. The gold was buried in the earth under the bed on which the two slept, and Swain could not get at it by night without arousing his companion. Had he secured it during the day and made off, he would have been overhauled very quickly, and his punishment nothing less than hanging. He could be no more if he added murder to the robbery, and that night, when we all felt so bitter against luck, and when partners felt so much like striking each other, Joe Swain murdered the man who had done the most for him. He was getting away with the gold when halted, and though he made a sharp fight for liberty, he was tied hand and foot within five minutes after the first alarm.

Arnold was dead, stabbed in three or four places, and the gold was found in Joe's belt. There was no show for the murderer. He could not plead impulse or heat of passion. Indeed, he was not the one to seek to avoid consequences. He made a statement to the effect that he had deliberately murdered and robbed the good old man, and added:

"Now, boys, there's no use in a great fuss over this matter. Put a guard over me, and the rest of you go back to your sleep. You'll hang me, of course, and when morning comes I shall have a request to make. I shan't try to get away, and I'm not going to play the baby when the last hour comes."

Joe Swain was known among us a game man. He had fought Mexicans, trailed Indians and killed three or four white ruffians who had made themselves a terror to certain localities. Armed with his bowie-knife, he would have been a match for four of us, and it was owing to his presence more than that of any one else that our village was not troubled with the roughs and gamblers who attached themselves to the other camps like leeches.

Murder was a crime that could not be palliated in a mining camp. Had it been anything else, a majority of the men would have been in favor of letting Joe jump the diggings and go unpunished. But when they looked in on the white-face and blood-stained corpse of the good old man, who had been like a father to them, each heart hardened against the murderer, and each man said to the other:

"Joe Swain must hang for this!"

There was no need of a trial. When he was brought out after breakfast, he said:

"Boys, I don't want any fuss over this thing. I killed the old man, and it is your duty to swing me up to a limb. I knew what I was up to, and I knew I'd have to stretch a rope if I couldn't get away. I don't deserve a kind word, and I shan't look for any sympathy. The request I want to make is that you won't hang me until sunset. I know it's bad to have one of these affairs hanging around camp all day, but yet it won't make no great difference to you as long as you are working for almost nothing. Now, then, all in favor of waiting till sunset to hang me, say aye!"

"Aye!" shouted every man around him.

"Those opposed will say no!"

Not a voice was heard.

"The ayes have it, and I am to be hung at sundown," continued Joe. "I want to write half a dozen letters, sleep for two or three hours, and I hope you won't crowd in on me. Select your tree, get your rope ready, and when the time comes I'll be on hand."

If Joe had been a captive in the hands of the Indians, and was to be burned at the stake at sundown, every miner would have wagered his outfit that Swain would have died game. In this case, where he was to meet a disgraceful death at the hands of men who had worked and fought beside him for months, most of the miners thought he'd take the noose without the quiver of a muscle, but there were two or three who said:

"He is a brave man, but when he takes his last look around he will weaken."

Before the day was four hours old there was a strange wager between two of our men. It was rifle against rifle that Joe Swain would show a woman's heart before he swung off.

The doomed man was left to himself all day long. A strong guard was placed around his tent, but no one entered it to interrupt the work of his last hours. The corpse of his victim was buried at the foot of the lone tree on which Joe was to swing, and as the six men carrying the body passed near his tent the murderer came out and stood with uncovered head to show his respect for the dead. He wrote five letters, drew up a brief will, ate a full meal about mid-afternoon, and half an hour before sundown he was ready. Before starting for the tree he said: "After I am gone you will find my will. The letters in there are to be forwarded as soon as convenient. This is a shabby old suit of clothes to be hung in, but it's all I had, and I couldn't go round borrowing. Have you got the rope and barrel ready?"

"Yes, everything is all ready," replied a voice.

"That's right," said Joe. "Now, then, form in procession; give me a conspicuous place, and we'll march along."

The man wasn't smiling. His face was pale, his eyes had an anxious look, and it was plain enough that he realized the grimness of his last hour on earth. The procession was formed, and Joe marched away for the tree as steadily as a soldier on parade. His hands and feet were free; but as he halted beside the old barrel, with the noose dangling above his head, he said:

"Boys, tie my arms behind my back, and after you lift me up, tie my feet together. If you make a bungle of this, you'll get a bad name all through the diggings."

When Joe stood on the barrel, the noose around his neck, the men fell back a little. He looked from man to man with steady eye, glanced up at the limb, and then looked over the heads of the men out upon the green prairie. The sinking sun had filled the grass with millions of sparkling jewels. A score of antelope were trotting along a mile away; great birds were sailing toward the Rockies with lazy wing; the flowers never seemed so thick and beautiful as then.

For a minute we all looked southward, and there was something in the vision that softened every heart.

When we looked up at Joe again, we hardly knew him. All the hard lines had melted out of his face, his eyes were full of tears, and there was a sob in his throat, as he turned and whispered:

"Don't blame me, boys—it is my last look on earth! Now do your duty!"

Not a man moved—not a man could move.

Taking a swift glance over the prairie and another up the mountain side, Joe softly said: "God forgive me that I was not a better man——!"

He fell forward off the barrel, his own executioner, and no man dared look up until the body hung limp and lifeless.

Joe had weakened, and those who had bet on his "game" had lost. Yet, when we talked it over in low voices at the camp fire, we agreed that brave Joe's bravest act of a life time was shown when the tenderness was allowed to creep into his heart, and his eyes to fill with tears—when he proved to us that he had a soul.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Great Enterprise.

A wonderful Colorado railroad is described in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, by "H. H.," who says: Ever since men began to dig for silver and gold in Colorado, one of the many hard things they have had to do, has been the journeying into the rich silver regions of the San Juan country. The great Sangre di Cristo range, with its uncounted peaks, all from twelve to fifteen thousand feet high, is a barrier which only seekers after gold or after liberty would have courage to cross. One of the most picturesque sights which the traveler in southern Colorado, during the past two or three years, has seen has been the groups of white-topped wagons creeping westward toward the passes of this range; sometimes thirty or forty together, each wagon drawn by ten, fifteen or even twenty mules; the slow-moving processions look like caravan lines in a desert; two, three, four weeks on the road, carrying in people by households; carrying in food, and bringing out silver by the ton; back and forth, back and forth, patient men and patient beasts have been toiling every summer from June to October.

This sort of thing does not go on for many years before a railroad comes to the rescue. Engineering triumphs where brute force merely evades; the steam engine has stronger lungs than mules or men; and the journey which was counted by weeks is made in hours. Such a feat as this, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad (narrow gauge) is now performing in Colorado. A little more than a year ago I saw the plowshare cut the first furrow for its track through the cuchuras meadows at the foot of the Spanish Peaks. One day last week I looked out from the car windows as we whirled past the same spot; a little town stood where then was wilderness, and on either side of our road were acres of sunflowers whose brown-centered disks of yellow looked like trembling faces still astonished at the noise. Past the Spanish Peaks; past the new town of Veta; into the Veta Pass; up, up, nine thousand feet up, across a neck of the Sangre di Cristo itself; down the other side, and out among the foot hills to the vast San Luis valley, the plucky little road has already pushed. It is a notable feat of engineering. As the road winds among the mountains its curves are so sharp that the inexperienced and timid hold their breath. From one track, running along the edge of a precipice, you look up to another which you are presently to reach; it lies high on the mountain-side, four hundred feet above your head, yet it looks hardly more than a stone's throw across the ravine between. The curve by which you are to climb up this hill is a thirty-degree curve. To the non-professional mind it will perhaps give a clearer idea of the curve to say that it is shaped like a mule shoe—a much narrower shoe than a horse shoe. The famous horse-shoe curve on the Pennsylvania railroad is broad and easy in comparison with this. There are three of these thirty-degree curves within a short distance of each other; the road doubles on itself, like the path of a ship tacking in adverse winds. The grade is very steep—two hundred and eleven feet to the mile; the engines pant and strain, and the wheels make a strange sound, at once sibilant and ringing on the steel rails. You go but six miles an hour; it seems like not more than four, the leisurely pace is so unwonted a one for steam engines. With each mile of ascent the view backward and downward becomes finer; the Spanish Peaks and the plains in the distance, the dark ravines full of pine-trees in the foreground, and Veta mountain on the left hand—a giant bulwark furrowed and bare. There are so many seams on the sides of this mountain that they have given rise to its name, Veta, which in the Spanish tongue means "vein."

A Checkered Honeymoon.

A young, enterprising shipmaster, Captain John Carter, Jr., of Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass., arrived home a few weeks ago from a voyage to East India. While his ship was being reloaded at New York he went to Manchester to make a flying visit to his friends, and to secure a shipmate of a different sex and of a higher order. The nuptial hour was appointed when the young and amiable Miss Haskell was to unite her heart and fortunes with the captain, but they were reminded of the old adage, "There's many a slip," etc., by a telegram from New York stating that his ship was seized by a breach committed against one of the international laws. Without a moment's delay the captain proceeded to New York, gave a satisfactory explanation, then returned to Manchester, to remain only long enough to secure his bride. He hastily applied at the office of the town clerk to procure the necessary "certificate," when he was informed that the clerk was performing jury duty in a distant town. The undismayed captain was determined not to lose his bride or to delay his ship, but to prove to the world that "where there is a will there is a way," so had a meeting called for the election of a town clerk *pro tempore*, procured his certificate, and so "armed and equipped, as the law directs," secured the prize and took the first train for New York. The twain were soon confided to the tender mercies of the briny deep. Nothing more was heard from them until the arrival of a telegram from England this week, saying that the Hattie G. Hall was found dismasted and abandoned. The fearful anxiety of the parents and friends of the bride and groom can be better imagined than described. Telegrams were flashed here and there without bringing one word concerning the fate of either officers or crew, but in Wednesday's *Journal* the following welcome news from London was read: "The crew of the Hattie G. Hall, from New York for Queenstown, before reported abandoned, arrived at Falmouth."—*Boston Journal.*

Forty-five millions is the estimate of the St. Louis *Republican* for the population of the United States in 1880.

NEW YORK CLAIRVOYANTS.

The Clairvoyants of Gotham and the People Who Consult Them—Business Men and Society Women Interviewing the Fates—A Thriving Trade in the Supernatural.

"Rapidan" writes from New York to the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, as follows: The whole number of professional clairvoyants in New York is probably about forty. Some of them keep standing advertisements before the public, but the majority do not need to solicit custom in this way, their business being almost as well established as that of a first-class physician. Men and women who desire to consult them know just where to find them, so the cost of advertising is saved, and this, at forty cents a line in the *Herald* is no small item. Two-thirds or more of the clairvoyants are women, and most of their patrons are also women. Among these are many members of the upper social circles, but the majority are from the poorer classes. It is a standing rule with hundreds of the illiterate women of New York to consult a clairvoyant about the most trifling affairs. If a child has whooping cough or measles the wise woman must be asked whether it will recover or not. If a husband does not come home quite regularly every evening, the same woman is consulted as to where and how he spends his time. If there has been a peculiar dream, her palm is crossed with fifty cents to interpret it. Sometimes the woman is employed in cases of sickness, instead of a physician, and in such cases she is at least wise enough to avoid doing the patient any harm, even if she cannot do any good. The doctors would be down on her very quickly if she gave them a chance to invoke the law against malpratice, so she is particularly careful on that point. All her medicines are harmless herbs, and often she does not prescribe even these, but contents herself with prognosis and advice. The fee, however, is never overlooked, and as the clairvoyant's financial formula is cash in advance, she has a marked advantage over the regular practioners.

Some of the New York clairvoyants are so overrun with business that visitors frequently have to wait hours for an audience. They are usually ushered into a dingy parlor and required to sit there, with perhaps a dozen others, till their turn comes, as men have to do in a barber shop. Now and then, as in the case of some well known patron, an exception is made to this rule; but ordinarily the clairvoyant is strict as a martinet in carrying out this system. It is a part of her policy to impress visitors with the sense of her importance and even inspire them with awe, if she can, and the rule requiring all to consult her pleasure rather than their own is a valuable aid to this end. When a stranger enters the consultation room for an audience, he or she is closely scrutinized for indications of character, and if any intention to trifle with the mysteries of the awful art is suspected, a frigidity of manner is assumed that would convert new milk into ice cream in about five minutes. The most profitable patrons of the clairvoyants are the wives and daughters of rich men, who always have plenty of pocket money and very little to do. There are many fashionable matrons and belles who visit them almost as often as they give orders to their dressmakers. It may seem strange, but it is a recognized truth, that scores of educated, intelligent, wide-awake ladies have as firm a faith in the reality of clairvoyance as they have in their religion. There are some on Fifth avenue who would not do any important act without first ascertaining from some clairvoyant or fortune-telling source its probable results. It is not uncommon for such persons to disguise themselves as servants or working women, and thus visit the purveyor of mystic knowledge, to have solved some matter that, may-hap, has worried them day and night. The clairvoyants patronized by this class are the *elite* of the profession, so to speak. They have a private and select line of business, occupy handsomely furnished apartments, generally in French flats, and require a reference or an introduction from all persons soliciting their service. They make a good deal of money and can afford to live very comfortably, as they usually do. One woman, whose residence is not far from the Stewart mansion on Fifth avenue, charges five dollars for every consultation, and has as much business, it is said, as she can attend to. A few others, also, live in that neighborhood and enjoy a liberal patronage from the fashionable world, but this particular one has the cream of the trade.

The business men of New York are noted for shrewdness and hard sense, and would be the last persons to suspect of superstitious weakness, yet unless they are wrongly accused many of them consult the fortune-tellers and clairvoyants quite regularly. If such a man as Commodore Vanderbilt had even the smallest particle of faith in the female seer, there need be but little difficulty in accepting the talk that puts many less noted men in the same category. At all events, it is frequently said of this man or that one that he habitually calls upon one or another of our modern weird sisters for information and advice about his business. Also that there are tradesmen and others of that class among us who never begin an enterprise till it has been approved by some one who pretends that he or she can read the future.

Learning the Sky.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered in every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days or thereabouts, a great, black, ugly rain cloud was broken up over the blue, and everything else well watered, and so left blue again until the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But instead of this, there is not a moment of produce scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty; that it is quite certain it is all done for us, intended for our perpetual pleasure by the Great Being who made all, all worlds.

Soldiers Practicing Lynch Law.

At Silver Springs, twenty-five miles south of Hat Creek, Wyoming Territory, a member of Company A, Third Cavalry, named Kennedy, recently threatened the life of Sergeant Schaffer. In the evening Kennedy procured a carbine, went to a tent where he supposed Schaffer would be found, and opening the flap, fired at the first man he saw, killing him instantly, but instead of Schaffer, it proved to be John Van Mott, first sergeant of the company. Kennedy was put under guard. Great excitement prevailed among the men of the company, and during the night the guard was overpowered, a blanket thrown over Kennedy's head, and at daylight the next morning his body was found suspended to the ridge pole of the guard tent.

Life on Broadway.

Life on Broadway is pretty nearly every thing. It is the broadest farce, the heaviest tragedy, and the most delicate comedy; it is tender, severe, sad, and joyous—an available text for the satirist, the moralist, the humorist, the preacher, and the man of the world. No ambition, passion, or creed may not be studied in its magnificent parade, which puts together things that by nature are widely apart, and effects a grand *ensemble* of vividly dramatic contrasts.

Topographically, as well as by the selection of traffic, the street is the main artery of the city. The best way of finding out the inside of an orange is by cutting it through the middle; and if, in a sort of geographical vivisection, a scalpel should be drawn down the middle of New York, it would fall into the channel formed by Broadway. The effluence is at the southern extremity of the city, and the affluence is on the borders of Central Park, the street coursing almost due north and south for a little less than four miles.

On account of its centrality and directness, it is touched by nearly every moving inhabitant of the city in his daily walks; if he is going from north to south, he prefers it to the other avenues, because it is straight and its pavement is good; and if he is going from any quarter east to any quarter west, he must intersect it at some point in gaining his destination. The country visitor coming from the Jersey and Long Island ferries feels secure when he reaches Broadway, and while he keeps to it he cannot go very far astray, no matter what his destination is. It is not only a channel of commercial traffic, but a favorite promenade of the idler and pleasure-seeker, and though the acquaintances of a man may be few, a walk up or down Broadway is sure to confront him with somebody that he knows.

The crowd is not distinctively fashionable, though well-dressed people preponderate; workmen in fustian and poverty-stricken work-girls appear in the stream, besides threadbare adventurers and the abject devotees of the gutter. It is a crowd greater in numbers and steadier in its flow than anything London can show in Fleet street or the Strand, and it mixes up the most dissimilar elements of nationality and condition. The night is never so dark or so stormy, that the footfall of pedestrians and the rumbling of vehicles are altogether hushed. The occupants of the front-rooms of the hotels, waking at any hour, can still hear the reverberations of the traffic, which swell toward morning into a deafening roar, and continue without lull throughout the day. The procession is endless. When all the rest of the city is asleep, Broadway is awake, and looking through its vista between the two bead-like strings of lamps, we still see some pedestrians plodding along on various missions of crime, industry, pleasure, or charity.—*William H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine.*

Russian Wedding Customs.

When couples are engaged a bet trothal feast is held and the bride elect has a lock of her hair cut off in the presence of witnesses and given to the bridegroom, who in return presents a silver ring set with a turquoise, an almond cake and a gift of bread and salt. From this moment the two are plighted; nor can the relatives break the match except with the consent of the parties themselves, which is signified by a return of the ring and lock of hair. So much importance is attached to the ring, at least in the north of Russia, that among poor people who cannot afford silver and a turquoise, tin and a bit of blue stone are substituted. The betrothal rings are kept as heirlooms, but must not be made to serve twice—a son cannot give his bride the ring which his mother received, for instance; though why this should be so is a mystery which the clergy, who sell the rings, could best explain. On the wedding day the bride comes to church dressed in white; but it is only among the highest classes, who copy western fashions, that the bridal costume is entirely white, and that a wreath of orange blossoms is used. Among Russians pure light blue is the nuptial color, and a coronet of silver ribbon stands in place of the wreath. The wedding ring for the bride is of gold or some yellow metal, but not a plain hoop; it is generally a double ring with enchased stars. The bridegroom has a ring, too, which the bride puts on his finger at the altar after she has received his, and this is mostly a plain one. The clergy make much ado about the rings being of pure metal, and thereby keep the sale of them in their hands, though it would not always be safe to test the purity of the ecclesiastical gold with a touch-stone. After the wedding service, which comprises in some of the less civilized districts the breaking of an earthenware vessel in token that the bride renounces her own possession (or is ready to smash all her father's crockery for her husband's sake—explanations differ)—after this there is an adjournment to a banquet, in which mulled *kvass* (small beer) and almond cakes play a great part. Weddings need not be celebrated before midday, nor must they take place in a church. In fashionable circles it is the custom to solemnize them in a drawing room and by candle light. There is no departure on a honeymoon tour. The banquet is followed by a ball, then by a supper, and at this last repast, when held in houses where old customs are observed, a new satin slipper, supposed to be the bride's is produced, and used as a drinking vessel by the bridegroom's friends, who pass it round and drink the bride's health in it till it is soaked through and will hold liquor no longer. In houses where speeches are made it is not the bridegroom, but the bride's father, who returns thanks when her health is drunk—this usage being owing to the fact that a father still retains authority over his child after she is married. He may summon her from her home to tend him when he is sick. If he loses his wife he may claim his married daughter's services as a housekeeper during the first three months of his widowhood; and he very often does so. If

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Jan. 10, 1878.

The state penitentiary is full to overflowing. Suppose there be another such institution erected centrally, say at Bellefonte, it would be so handy for *us* in this part of the state.

The coal operators and shippers, last week, at their meeting in Philadelphia failed to effect a combination to monopolize. The Lehigh Valley voted against the proposed percentages, and a unanimous vote was necessary.

The Bellefonte Republican appeared last week with a new head and dressed in new type, making it look quite handsome. We suppose it indicates financial prosperity of the paper, and are pleased to know it gets along well enough to make the improvement. The same issue flyes the name of John G. Love as associate editor, who will show himself competent to flop the "bloody shirt" to which school of republican politicians he belongs.

The Failures for the Year in New York city were very heavy—in all eight hundred and seventy-four, with liabilities amounting to nearly fifty-two million dollars and assets about twenty-one millions. Manufacturers, numbering forty-four, head the list, followed by thirty-five bankers and brokers, who went down under the heavy load of more than six millions.

One of the fruits of Grantism is compiled by the New York Sun, which publishes a list of all defalcations of $5,000 and upwards in the United States, from which it appears the money stolen during the past four years—beginning at a period just prior to the panic of 1873—by reason of defalcations, embezzlements, and breaches of trust on the part of city and county officials, bank officers, executors of estates, &c., foots up at over $30,000,000.

An insurance president has come to grief. A few days ago in New York, T G. Lambert, ex-president of the American Popular life insurance company, convicted of swearing to a false annual report, was arraigned in the court of oyer and terminer. He spoke for about two hours and a-half, claiming that he was hounded down by the press and that the witnesses against him were interested, and he asked for the lightest sentence possible. Judge Brady said the prisoner deserved to be punished, and the court without sympathy or regret sentenced him to five years in the state prison.

There are quite a number of like rascals who are still unwhipped, and above is the kind of example that should be made of them. It has been too much the custom to let the big thieves down easy and make penitentiary colonists of the minor criminals.

England would like to have a hand in negotiating peace between Russia and Turkey, so that she may dictate stipulations, and is willing to be a mediator. Russia says she will treat with Turkey direct, and on application of that power. That is, Russia means that England shall mind her own business.

England has a peace party and a war-with-Russia party.

Gambetta has spoken with moderation and wisdom of the submission of Mac-Mahon. The following are reported as his utterances:

How should I be dissatisfied when I see so grievous a crisis so happily ended. It is the first victory gained by the legislative power over the proceedings of personal power, and that without any revolution, riot or disturbance. That is a new event in our history, and all due to Democratic institutions. If you are not satisfied you are very hard to please.

We must be prudent, moderate, conciliatory. The Republican party must be in power when the universal Exhibition is opened; it must govern when we have to proceed to the elections of the Municipal Councils and to the renewal of the Senate in 1879. After these two great acts are over, the Republic will no longer have anything to fear from its adversaries; it will be definitely founded.

The Protestant clergymen of Philadelphia who are organized into a Ministerial Union, have unanimously resolved that the orthodox hell does exist. Now let Beecher and some of the other New York preachers subside until they get there when they will know all about it.

The women suffrage gals have been refused the U. S. Senate chamber for speeches of the representatives of the women suffragists. There's another big wrong—how the sisters will rave and scold at the cruel men in some other hall about it. Petticoats ain't trump after all yet. Get away, sis.

Hayes has been interviewed during the holidays and declares he will adhere to his policy and not yield to Conkling and his tribe. The republicans are now hatching a move to investigate his title. They won't have much trouble to find that a fraud, and will not need go far from home to do it. What a judgement the republican party has brought upon itself by the presidential steal!

There is a statement said to be well-founded that Patterson intends to resign the senatorship and that Cameron has advised him not to return to South Carolina, but resume citizenship in Pennsylvania, and he would use his influence to have Patterson elected to congress in 1880. Simon and John J. always were thick as thieves and partners in dark ways, and will cling to each other through evil and good report.

WHAT RINGS HAVE COST NEW YORK.

The Aldermanic Committee, of New York which was appointed in July to investigate the ring frauds, having concluded its labors, have made a long report to the Board of Aldermen, summing up the result. The committee make it appear that between January 1, 1868, and July 1, 1871, the enormous sum of $30,000,000 was fraudulently diverted from the City treasury by the corrupt practices of the ring, and that this does not include the amount stolen by the ring in the Board of Supervisors between 1860 and 1866. It is safe to assume, says the report, that from 1860 until July 1871, the people of this city have been robbed to the extent of $50,000,000 at least. The amount recovered by all suits amounts to only $1,119,525, and when legal expenses are deducted there is left as a total net amount recovered only $876,241, or less than one-fiftieth of the amount stolen.

Jacob Bunn, of Sprinpfield, Ill., failed, having the snug little liability of $800,000.

Dennis, another Molly, has been sentenced to death at Pottsville.

The Pottsville bank failed on 7th.

The Philadelphia Times has had seventeen libel cases in the three years of its existence, and has come out of all of them with a verdict in its favor. The prosecutors of the Times were men who had betrayed important trusts as public servants, and as an independent journal—and all journals should be independent—it stood upon the watchtower, demanding, "Who goes there," without fear, favor or affection. When it found the password came short of "honesty" in the approaching form, it charged upon him, exposed his attempts to prey upon the public as well as held up to the public gaze the wrongs already committed by the pilgrim politician.

The parties who sued the Times for libel were men at the public crib who were stealing fodder from all the other racks, and they took it as the height of impudence as well as a personal wrong that the Times should expose them as defaulters, thieves, and plunderers.

The Times has taken high ground in this matter, and deserves the thanks of the people of Philadelphia and outside for lancing the ulcers upon the body politic, a duty which the press of Philadelphia has always shirked because it lacked that independence which every journal should possess.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

The state legislature convened at Harrisburg, on 1st. The old officers were pretty much all re-elected.

Mr. Newmyer, in the senate, offered a resolution amending the Constitution, reducing the number of senators to 33 and representatives to 100. This should pass—since the number has been doubled the caliber of the members is about one-fourth what it used to be, and then it was light enough.

The border counties will be knocking at the door demanding pay for damages by the rebel raid. Pittsburg will also attempt to saddle the damages of the July riots upon the state. Luckey will she be if successful.

Local option has again appeared in the legislature also compulsary education.

The senate and house are in a dead lock. The senate resolved that all business should commence as if it were new and the house resolved that business should go on where it left off at the adjournment last winter.

GERMANY'S EASTERN POLICY.

Herald Berlin correspondent: Ever since the beginning of the Eastern complications I have maintained that Bismarck, not caring a fig for them, is only ruled by the one thought of preventing France from forming any alliance in her war of revenge against Germany. By founding the "Frei Kaiser Bund," the chief object of which aims at settling all important international questions in accordance with previous agreements between the contracting parties, Bismarck succeeded in isolating France and binding Russia and Austro-Hungary by strong ties of friendship to his country. I do not go so far as to aver that Bismarck intentionally thrust Russia into the war, but I cannot help admitting that he must inwardly chuckle at seeing the Czar, who liked to pose himself as the arbiter of Europe, entangled in a conflict so ruinous to Russia's power and credit. Nothing could have happened more advantageous to Germany than the difficulty experienced by the Czar in overcoming his adversary, rightly or wrongly considered the weakest among the great European Powers. No victory ever so glorious can remove from Russia's fame the tarnish of having been for months held at bay by the Ottoman's, at first so despised by them.

THE THREE EMPERORS' ALLIANCE.

However the war may end, we may be sure Russia will be so crippled that she will long hesitate before again unsheathing her sword. As all the hopes of France for crushing her German foe were centred on an alliance with Russia one easily perceives what a great profit this country has gained by the Turco-Russian campaign, not only humbling the Porte but weakening Russia and rendering her unfit for new warlike enterprises during the next decade at least. On a conclusion of peace, for which preparations are undoubtedly already making, Bismarck and Andrassy will quietly step in between the contestants and name the terms on which they will admit a reconstruction of the political state of affairs on the Balkan Peninsula. Without being averse to Russia compensating herself to some degree for enormous losses sustained, these two statesmen will, nevertheless, not sanction any territorial aggrandizement of their good and faithful ally in European Turkey. If the Czar should therefore insist on acquiring new territories he will have to turn to Asia, where any extension of his empire, far from strengthening its power, involves great expenditures and pecuniary sacrifices, owing to these countries not being in a position to raise the means necessary for their self-administration. The late Czar Nicholas, the father of the present Russian Emperor, who in 1849, was chiefly instrumental in crushing the Hungarian revolt, only a few years later had the sad opportunity of complaining of Austria's ingratitude in making common cause with his enemies during the Crimean war. It appears as if a like feeling will not be spared his son.

OBTAINING WIVES IN 1621.

Some one looking over some old Virginia papers in one of the Culpepper families found the following document which the fair readers of the Reporter can read at the sewing circle:

"A shipment of English fair ones is being made in due order and well conditioned by an English merchant, and he thus advises his consignees:

"August 12th, 1621, LONDON.

"We send you in the ship one widow and eleven maids for wives for the people of Virginia. There has been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not any of them been received but upon good commendation. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they be put with several householders that have wives till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more of the same class that are shortly to come, and are sent by our Most Honorable Lord and Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen who, taking into consideration that the plantation can never flourish till females and families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil therefore have given this fair beginning for the reimbursement of whose charges it is ordered that every man that marries therein gives 120 pounds of the best leaf tobacco for each of them. Though we are desirous that the marriages be free, according to the law of nature, yet we would not have these maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers to them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills." Here follows the names whose bearers both in England and Virginia at the present day would be rather amazed to know that their ancestors were shippers of this class of live stock. I may, on some future occasion, give an airing to a few other documents of this old Virginia style, and before long I may be enabled to draw some pictures of the "first families" of Ohio as painted by the early residents, for their interested relatives in England. It is pleasant to know that some people have had fathers and mothers as well as grandfathers and grandmothers, though they have no dollars."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA SENATORS.

The scheme to unseat Senator Butler was decided upon Friday before the holiday adjournment, at a meeting held at the residence of a Southern Republican Senator. The speakers at the meeting were Senators Edmunds, Cameron of Wisconsin, Hoar and Dawes; it was decided that the contest would be made on the ground that the Legislature which elected Butler was not legal and the next thing in order was to devise a way of changing the vote by which Butler was admitted to the Senate, A lever by which Patterson's vote could be secured is said to have been found in the report of the Legislature of South Carolina, charging Patterson with bribery, but which Butler declined to present in the Senate, and which has been smothered in the Legislative Committee on Federal Relations at Columbia. Senators Chaffee, Jones of Nevada, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Conover and Rollins protested that this looked more like revenge than an honorable course, and they withdrew from the meeting. Finally the whole matter was referred to Senator Cameron of Wisconsin, who is trying to get the report. If he succeeds, terms can be dictated to Patterson, who can be compelled to chose between voting to unseat Butler or allow the report to be introduced and referred to the Judiciary Committee, and brought back into the Senate by Mr. Edmunds, accompanied by a resolution of expulsion. Republicans are of opinion that such a resolution, based upon such a report from the Legislature, would command every Democratic vote in the Senate.

Perhaps nothing in science is more mysterious than the cause of that simple phenomenon—that when a bar of steel is magnetized it has acquired a tendency to assume a definite relation to our earth. Like a great magnet, the earth acts upon a magnetized needle with nearly a directive force. At the present moment a mariner's compass-needle points in a direction of about twenty-one and a half degrees west of true north, termed a declination to that extent, and at the same time dips downwards, making an angle of about sixty-eight degrees with the horizon. This declination and dip vary with time and place. But there are other changes which the magnet experiences when kept suspended in the same place, viz.: the secular change, during a great many years, the annual variation, the daily variation, and a change due to the moon. In addition to these are those curious and unaccountable changes, termed magnetic disturbances, or storms. Atmospheric storms, even the greatest, are only local phenomena; but magnetic storms are cosmical, and occur almost at the same moment all over the world. Philosophic investigation shows that these magnetic disturbances are connected with the sun, inasmuch as they obey a daily law, and are moreover independent of the light of the sun. They have a yet still more mysterious relation with our own luminary. M. Schwabe, having for nearly forty years watched and recorded the spots on its disc, saw that these spots exhibit a maximum and minimum nearly every ten years; and General Sabine having discovered that magnetic disturbances have also a ten years' period, fortunately though of comparing the two periods, and found that they were precisely the same, having the same years of maximum and minimum. It has also been proved that the magnetic disturbances are accompanied by auroras and also by electric earth-currents, in some cases interfering with the telegraph wires, both having a ten-yearly period. The nature of the bond by which these phenomena are allied is still a profound mystery.

DID GEN. BUTLER HANG THE WRONG MAN.

From the Galveston News.

Prof. B. W. Burgess yesterday gave a reporter the following startling disclosure as one of the adventures of his somewhat eventful life:

During the time Gen. B. F. Butler was in possession of New Orleans, a great feeling of excitement was caused by the hanging of Mumford for pulling a United States flag down from a staff on the New Orleans Mint.

Prof. Burgess says that he was the person who pulled the flag from the staff and passed it to Capt. Oliver Canton of the Lower Mississippi river packet Isabel, who the Professor says, is ready to corroborate this account of the affair. Mumford was on the roof at the time with a crowd of men and boys and, it is believed, received the flag from Canton.

A son of Abraham Mayer, proprietor of the Delmonico Hotel, at Auburn, this State, while celebrating the last of the old year on Monday night, shot part of his face and head away by the accidental discharge of a gun. Strange to say the boy still lives, though suffering terrible agony. The case baffles scientific ability, and the spectacle is presented of a human being living with half a head.

ENGLAND DETERMINED TO HAVE A VOICE IN PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

London, January 4.—The Edinburgh Scottsman's London correspondent understands that Lord Derby will inform Prince Gortschakoff, that the British Government is decidedly opposed to Russia making peace without conditions being first communicated to England and other great powers.

London, January 5.—A split in the English Cabinet is imminent. Lord Beaconsfield insists upon his own retirement or the resignation of Earl of Carnarvon. The Cabinet is divided on the question of the Government's Eastern policy.

Russians Between Sofia and Adrianople.

Bucharest, January 5.—The Russians have cut off communication between Constantinople and Sofia.

Russia Secretly Trying to Injure England.

London, January 5.—It is stated that Russia has repeatedly, before and since the conference, endeavored secretly to negotiate peace with Turkey, but on conditions hostile to English interests. It is thought that Russia will probably refuse to inform England of the conditions upon which an armistice will be granted.

Direct Negotiations for Peace.

A special despatch to the Vienna Political Correspondence, dated Constantinople, December 31, says:—"The idea of opening direct negotiations with Russia meets with increasing favor at the Porte. The reason why this step has not yet been taken is the impossibility of ascertaining Russia's conditions of peace."

The Independence Belge's dispatch from Paris intimates that Turkey will probably propose an armistice on the basis of the belligerents retaining the positions they now occupy.

A Vienna correspondent says the Russian Government appears to be throwing out feelers pointing to the demolition of Turkey's Danubian fortresses as one of the conditions of peace.

London, Jan. 6.—The Russian detachment under General Dandeville, which supported General Gourko in his movement over the Balkans, had 53 men frozen to death in one night and 820 frost bitten.

The Turks suffered enormously, and immense numbers of sick and wounded were found in their positions. On December 31 the whole plain of Kamarli, was strewn with Turkish corpses.

THE
EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE
[Established in 1823.]
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GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Total Receipts and Disbursements During the Fiscal Year Ending November 30, 1877:

Receipts.

Balance in treasury, Nov. 29, 1876		$984,699 62
General Fund		4,824,905 43
Sinking fund, ordinary receipts		2,093,513 24
Sinking fund, new loan, five per cent		8,000,000 00
Sinking fund, premium on new loan		261,922 33
Sinking fund, interest on sale of new loan		9,161 44
		$15,644,500 06

Disbursements.

Ordinary expenses	$4,010,381 20	
Loans, redeemed	8,035,196 38	
Interest on loans	1,414,651 63	
Premium on gold	13,726 38	
Compensation Farmers' & Mechanic's Nat'l bank	16,000 00	
Coupon interest, paid at treasury	2,497 50	
		13,482,453 19
Bal. in Treas. Nov. 30, 1877.		$2,162,046 87

Public Debt.

Funded Debt.

Overdue loans, upon which interest stopped and not presented for payment		$60,981 58
Redeemable loans of five & six per cent. loan, upon which interest has been stopped, and not presented for payment		645,950 00
Five per cent, payable in 1878		273,009 00
Six per cent. payable in 1879		400,000 00
Five per cent., payable in 1882		395,000 00
Four and one half per cent., payable in 1882		87,000 00
Six per cent., redeemable in 1877, and payable in 1882		2,472,200 00
Six per cent., redeemable in 1882, and payable in 1892		9,993,800 00
Five per cent., redeemable in 1907 and payable in 1907		8,000,000 00
Six per cent., Agricultural College, payable 1922		500,000 00
Relief notes in circulation	$96,174 00	
Interest certificates outstanding	13,038 54	
Interest certificates unclaimed	4,448 38	
Domestic creditor certificates	25 00	
Chambersb'rg certificates outstanding	52 21	
Chambersb'rg certificates uncl'd	144 60	
		113,882 73
Total debt, Dec. 1, 1877,		$22,943,814 31
Pennsylvania railroad bonds, representing an indebtedness January 31, 1878, of	$4,686,413 06	
Allegheny valley railroad bonds	3,200,000 00	
Balance in sinking fund November 30, 1877	1,705,014 87	
		9,591,427 93
Indebtedness unprovided for		$13,352,386 38

The governor goes on to give a long account of the July riots, the circumstances of which our readers are already familar.

WESTERN PENITENTIARY.

Last year the legislature passed an appropriation to relieve the over-crowded condition of the eastern penitentiary. This year it will be necessary to do the same for the western penitentiary which institution has now 850 prisoners, with capacity for only 400, or, at the most, 500. Two, three and four convicts are necessarily confined in a cell, and, during the hot summer months, the crowded condition of the prison will certainly engender disease and death. The matter will require your immediate attention, and it may be necessary to take prompt action upon some plan for increasing the accommodations for the convicts of the western district, and providing for their safety and security.

STEPS TOWARD PEACE.

Russian Officers under Orders to Accept a Truce—Comments on England's Mediation.

London, Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1878.

The correspondent of The Daily Telegraph, at Vienna, states that instructions were telegraphed from St. Petersburg, on Sunday, to the Russian commanders in Europe and Asia, to receive any overture for truce that the Turks might make.

The Vienna correspondent of The Times referring to Russia's reply to the English note concering the opening of negotiations for peace with Turkey, which reply, as reported last night to The Times, is the effect that Turkey should apply direct to the Russian Commander-in-Chief for an armistice, says:

This intelligence was not altogether unexpected. Ever since the idea of possible mediation was mooted, feelers have been thrown out from Berlin and St. Petersburg, indicating that Russia regarded an armistice as a preliminary step to any pacific overtures, with the additional hint that the Czar would require the cession of the Danubian fortresses as a preliminary condition of an armistice. But as, owing to the weather, it seems almost impossible for the Russians to think of leading a large army across the Balkans, it may be expected that they will not exact too hard terms for an armistice, but content themselves with Erzeroum and one or two fortresses on the Danube.

The Times in its leader says:

Russia has by her answer entered into no controversy with England. Her answer is really addressed to Turkey. To suppose that England should feel herself rebuffed because the Porte has been invited to send an envoy to the Russian commander-in-chief, would be to raise a suspicion that our government has gone out of its way to provoke a quarrel. Yet it would be useless to hide the existence of influences which, if unchecked, would involve us in a quarrel. A section of society with some advantages of position, is using all its power to array England on the side of Turkey.

Reuter's telegram, dated St. Petersburg to-day, says:

The prevalent conviction here is that the success of England's mediatory action will depend upon the spirit in which it may have been made. It is thought in official circles that any pacific effort should proceed from the standpoint, that peace conditions must be consonant with Russia's dignity and sacrifices, and it is believed that England cannot overlook this consideration.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Master of the universe to remove by death our much esteemed brother, Benjamin Peters, a Charter member of Victor Grange, No. 159, P. of H.

Resolved, That bowing with humility before this stroke of an Almighty God and all-wise Providence we record with the tenderest sensibility, and deepest affection our high appreciation of his character as a member of this Grange.

Resolved, That in this sad and unexpected bereavement our tearful sorrow is mitigated by the assurance that God knows all things best, and his ways are for the good of all.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved wife and children our unaffected sympathy in their hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife and family, and that they be published in two of the county papers and Farmer's Friend.

W. GOODHART,
I. F. FOSTER, } Committee.
G. BAKER,

Victor Emanuel, King of Italy is dying. He has a violent attack of fever.

San Francisco unemployed workmen are demanding work or bread of the Mayor.

ONE NIGHT OF SWEARING.

The Fearful Sounds that Kept a Sleeping Car Awake all Night.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

It was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept. Or tried it.

Some of them slept, like Christian men and women, peacefully and sweetly and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these, the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in, with a full hand and a pocketful of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring, a sleeping car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no. There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

"Gn-r-r-r-t!"

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our fogiveness by a long drawn

"Gw-a-h-h h-hah!"

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst, and the sleeper in "lower three" went on, in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities.

"Gwa-a-ah! Gwa-a-h! Gahwahwah! Gahwahwah! Gahwa-a-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunderstorm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwook!"

Which sounded as though his nose had got angry at him and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death, nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed every body with a gutteral

"Gurooch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious

"Kowjf!"

He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut, he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores, he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night and all night through he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gawawwah? gawah-hah! gwock! gwarrt! gwah-r-h-ll-whoof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made that beautiful sleeping car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three stood revealed.

Great heavens!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair, and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn's.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

Frank Leslie's SUNDAY MAGAZINE for February. This number is like unto a basket of choice fruit, beautiful to the eye, and filled with good things. It well sustains the universal reputation in which this favorite publication is held.

The literature with which its 128 pages are filled, brightened with 100 beautiful engravings, is of a most select, entertaining and instructive character. We do not believe it possible for any of our readers, old or young, grave, gay, or religious, to declare themselves disappointed or dissatisfied with the literary banquet spread before them here. Articles on a variety of timely subjects; beautiful stories teeming with pleasant thoughts; notes of Foreign Lands; rich Poems; Music; Biographical and Historical Sketches; a "Home Pulpit"; Religious Topics and Essays; Anecdotes of Interesting Subjects; Natural History; Fun, and so forth, in great variety. This publication is Mr. Frank Leslie's masterpiece and reflects the highest credit on both himself as the publisher, and Dr. Deems, Editor of the magazine. We heartily commend it to every family in the country as being the most ably conducted and the cheapest Sunday Magazine published in the world. It can be obtained for one year for $3, or single copies 25 cents, postpaid. Now is the time to subscribe. In doing so, order your subscription to commence with the January copy, which is the first number of the new volume. Address,

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl St., New York.

That this is pre-eminently an age of utilization is, we believe, universally admitted; or if any one doubt it, let the secrets of the laboratory, and the arts of the artisan and manufacturer, at the present day, bear witness. Thus, beginning with the first named, the most beautiful perfumes are produced from substances not merely trivial, but in some cases fetid and repulsive. Fusil oil, putrid cheese, gastar, and the drainage of cow-houses are thus chemically transformed. Blue dyes are made from scraps of tin, old woolen rags, and the parings of horses' hoofs. Old iron hoops are employed in ink making; bones, as a source of phosphorus, for tipping Congreve matches; the dregs of port wine for making seidlitz; the washings of coal tar for producing a flavoring condiment for blancmange. Relics of old woollen garments are made to yield flock for wall-paper, padding for mattresses, and prussian blue for the color makers. Chemicals are employed to destroy the cotton fibres in old worn-out balzarines, orleans, coburgs, and other mixed fabrics for ladies' dresses, and to liberate the woollen or worsted fibres for a new career of usefulness. Woollen rags, when even the shoddy maker will have nothing to do with them, are choice materials for the farmer as manure. The coal-tar from gasworks is made to yield sulphate of amonia, sal amoniac, printers' ink, lampblack, disinfectants, naphtha, benzole, paraffine, and the magnificent series of analine colors for dyeing and calico-printing.

—Persons wishing to advertise farms, sales, &c., will bear in mind that we offer to give a MUCH LARGER circulation through the Reporter on this side the county, than any other paper, and will forfit our pay if this is found not correct.

—A new golden tongue organ, warranted, offered very low, for half cash and half trade. Apply at this office.

CHEAPEST AND BEST!

THE HARRISBURG
DAILY and WEEKLY PATRIOT
For 1878.

To all new subscribers and to all present subscribers renewing their subscriptions

THE DAILY PATRIOT
Will be sent at the following rates:

1 copy, 1 year, postage prepaid.	$7 00
2 copies (in club), " "	12 00
5 " " "	27 50
10 " " "	50 00
1 copy during the session of the legislature.	2 0

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT
Will be sent at the following rates:

1 copy, 1 year, postage prepaid.	$2 00
4 copies, " " "	6 00
10 " " " "	10 00
15 " " " " and 1 to getter up of club.	15 00
25 copies, 1 year, postage prepaid and 1 copy to getter up of club.	22 50

All orders must be accompanied by the cash, either by check or post-office order.

$6.00 WORTH FOR $3.00,

Any person remitting us $3.00 will receive one copy of the Weekly Patriot for one year, one copy of the American Agriculturalist (the leading agricultural journal in the United States) for one year, both postage paid, and in addition a Microscope, such as has heretofore been sold for $2.50.

THE PATRIOT BOOK OFFICE.

Having executed the State Printing and Binding for three years, we are prepared to print and bind Books, Magazines, Pamphlets, Directories, etc., in best style and at lowest prices. Blank Books, such as Dockets, Daybooks, Ledgers, and Hotel Registers a specialty. Old books rebound. Especially low rates for rebinding Sunday School Libraries. Address
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"Full and running over"
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Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

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Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

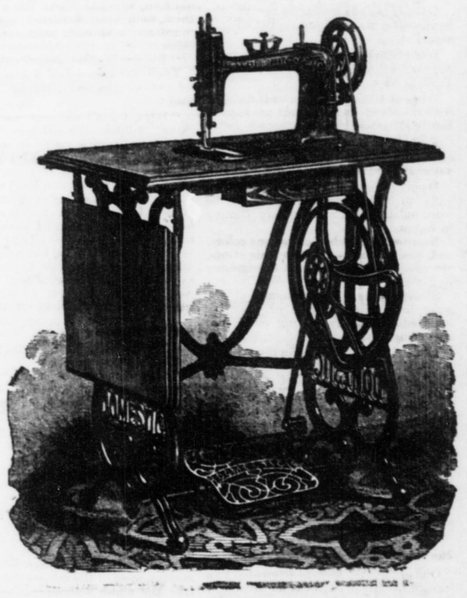
and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

FOR ALL FIRST CLASS
Pianos, Organs & Sewing Machines
CALL AT THE STORE ROOM OF
BUNNELL AND AIKENS,
Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Penn'a.
THE PLACE TO GET GENUINE
Needles, Oil Attachments, Parts, etc.,
For All Kinds of Sewing Machines.



Second hand Instruments and Sewing Machines taken in exchange for New Ones. Second hand machines for Sale, from $5.00 to $20.00. Machines to rent.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

IF your SEWING MACHINES are out of order, bring them to BUNNELL & AIKENS, and have them thoroughly adjusted by a practical Mechanic. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC INSTRUCTORS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sheet Music ordered when desired. One dozen Needles sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Remember the place,
BUNNEL & AIKENS,
EAST ALLEGHENY ST., BELFTE.

CENTRE HALL
Hardware Store.
J. O. DEININGER,

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

Pictures framed in the finest style.

Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.

Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The udersigned respectfully announces her New Dressmakers Establishment in the house lately occupied by John H. Miller. All kinds of family sewing neatly done. Charges reasonable. Hoping to merit the patronage of the people of Centre Hall and vicinity by turning out neat and durable work. MRS. HARVEY SMITH.
20sept tf.

WM. P. M'MAN US, Attorney-at-law Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Jas McManus, esq 28julf

D. F. FORTNEY Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds bank. 14may'66

THE SUN.
1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which has hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The DAILY SUN is a four-page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, postpaid, 55 cents a month, or $6 50 per year.

The Sunday edition of The Sun is an eight page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter especially prepared for it. The Sunday Sun has met with great success. Postpaid $1. 26 a year.

The Weekly Sun.

Who does not know The Weekly Sun? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canadas, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counselor, and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural, and literary departments make it essentially a journal family and the fireside. Terms One dollar a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with $10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address
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DRESS GOODS,
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NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE
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CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.
Full line of
Hats and Caps
For Men, Boys and Children.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.
PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.
Rememdrr the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

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SPRING MILLS!!
Stoves! Stoves!
TINWARE!!
HARDWARE!!
A full line of all kinds of Stoves.
A full line of Tinware.
Hardware for all, Coachmakers and Mechanics included,
At the New Store of
6septf THOS. A. HICKS & BRO.

NOLAN & M'ALISTER,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Centre Hall, Pa.
Business stand upstairs in the building formerly occupied by the Centre Reporter.
Will furnish gentlemen with clothing, made to order, of the best material that can be bought in Philadelphia or New York. Long experience in the business at Bellefonte enables them to turn out first-class work in all respects. 6dec8m

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
The circulation of this popular newspaper has more than trebled during the past year. It contains all the leading news contained in the Daily Herald, and is arranged in handy departments, The
Foreign News
embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe, together with unbiassed, faithful and graphic pictures of the great War in Europe. Under the head of
American News
are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes
The Weekly Herald
the most valuable newspaper in the world, as it is the cheapest.
Every week is given a faithful report of
Political News,
embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.
The Farm Department
of the Weekly Herald gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well edited department widely copied, under the head of
The Home,
giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the Weekly Herald will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper,
One Dollar a Year.
There is a page devoted to all the latest of the business markets, Crops, Merchandize, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of
The Produce Markets.
While all the news from the last fire to the Discovery of Stanley are to be found in the Weekly Herald, due attention is given to
Sporting News
at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You may subscribe at any time.
The

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Jan. 10, '78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance*; $2.50 *when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 *cts. amount of one year's postage, instead of* 20*cts as formerly when paid by themselves.*

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '78" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 289, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sec't. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sec't. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 26, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 6 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master. G. W. BOAL Sec't.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Beecher lectures in Bellefonte, night of 22. We understand he is paid $350 for his talk.

——The Republican's new dress is all well enough, only it has mere horse than love in its head,

——An old Baltimore negro who had emigrated to Liberia years ago, ordered a quanity of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a short time ago, stating that although coughs and colds were not frequent in Africa, he would not like to be without it in his family.

——The Mason-Odd-Fellows' festival, last week, took in some $360.

——B. F. Philips, of Penn, moves to Maryland before spring, where he has purchased a homestead.

——Farm of Rev. Fisher, dec'd, in Gregg twp., is advertised in Reporter.

$1,750 FOR THE LOSS OF A HUSBAND.—Ann Dechert has recovered $1,750 from the city of Reading for the death of her husband, who walked into the canal at an unprotected place and was drowned

——Had about ten inches snow, Friday, 4, which brought out the merry, merry bells.

——Virginia had an earthquake on New Years.

——The storm we had here after end of last week, caused a great many wrecks and loss of lives on the sea.

——The Russians had their Christmas day on last Sabbath, 6th. It is the only Christian country which adheres to the Julian or Old Style computation of time.

——The Pope is getting better, and is said to have only had a cold after all. We had that also about the same time, and the only fuss we heard on that account was some sneezing. See what a difference it makes as to who has a cold.

——List of letters remaining in Post Office Centre Hall, Jan. 5th 1878, C. H. Spinning, 1, William S. Banner 2, Jerry Grove 1, Kate Reninger 1.

J. A. REESMAN P. M.

——Weather clear 8, 9 and 10, but cold, thermometer 3 to 4 below zero. Sleighing pretty good.

——Housekeepers will bear in mind that much is to be gained by purchasing their groceries at a No. 1 establishment. This they will always find Sechler & Co's grocery to be. They deceive no one, and give you the best in market always. They keep every thing belonging to their line and sell a trifle above cost always for cash. They take all kinds of produce.

——There is no better remedy for a cough or affections of the throat and lungs, asthma, croup, and the earlier stages of consumption than F. P. Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey, and Blood-root. Ask at your stores for it, or send to Green's at Bellefonte. It is a truly valuable remedy.

——Mr. Charles W. Stebbins, as will be seen by notice in another column, will lecture upon Kansas, at several places in the valley. His object being to give good, reliable information in regard to that state. Go and hear him, all who contemplate going to Kansas or desire to learn about it.

——William Ream, of Clearfield county gets credit for having shot over a thousand deer. Remarkable shooting, that.

——Hon. S. T. Shugert, of Bellefonte, has wedded Miss Johnston, daughter of Ovid T. Johnston, dec'd, of Harrisburg. We do not know whom it would afford us greater pleasure to congratulate, than our esteemed friend Shugert, in his new hymenial relation. May the happy couple reap nothing but domestic sunshine to the end of life, is the wish of the Reporter.

——Four hundred overcoats were sold this winter by Newman, at the Eagle Clothing Hall. This, we venture to say is more than any other three stores sold. As these overcoats were sold at an average of at least $3 per cost less than others sell them for, the people of the county have a saving of $1200 in this one article alone through Newman's low prices, saying nothing about the saving on other garments. He will now sell his remaining stock at still less prices to work off winter goods. Go at once and secure a bargain.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.—Ben Franklin gave the people of his day a recipe for obtaining health, wealth, and wisdom. The present generation is not supposed to be in want of wisdom, and would prefer happiness combined with health and wealth. The modern way to obtain all these is told in the advertisement of Barrick, Roller & Co., headed "Health and Happiness" in this paper. We cordially recommend our readers to the careful consideration of their advice.

——Wm. T. Mayes sale, Logan's Gap, Jan. 24.

——We have given Maynard's History and Industries of Centre county, a hurried examination, and at a glance are satisfied as to its merits. It leaves no locality of the county untouched, and covers its history from the earliest period down to 1877, with as much thoroughness as possible. Many valuable facts and incidents are given in the work, besides a mass of important data that will always be useful. As the number of copies is limited, those who purchase the book now will have what double its price will fail to purchase it for in the future.

SAW MILL BURNED,—The large steam saw mill of W. A. Simpson & Co., at Lock Haven, known as "the upper mill," was destroyed by fire last Wednesday morning. The fire broke out over the engine room within three-quarters of an hour after the hands had gone to work. One-half the mill was owned by W. A. Simpson, one-fourth by Moore, Simpson & Co., and the remaining one-fourth by Furst & Hopson. Mr. Simpson had no insurance; Moore, Simpson & Co. had $2,000, and Furst & Hopson had $1,200 insurance. The property was valued at about $15,000, although several years ago it would have brought a much higher price. Fifty hands are thrown out of employment.

The silverware delivered by the National Silver-Plating Co., 704 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is giving entire satisfaction. All orders are promptly filled, and no one need hesitate about sending them money. —Lutheran Observer. eow4t

THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE Insurance Company of Centre County, Pa.—Centre Hall, Dec. 21, 1877. The Annual meeting of the Members and election of twelve Directors to manage the affairs of the Company for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of John Spangler, at Centre Hall, on Monday, January 14, 1878 between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., of said day. Members generally are requested to attend. GEO. BUCHANAN, D. F. LUSE, Sec'y, Pres't.

——The nicest, best, freshest, as well as cheapest cheese, just received at Sechlers. Try it—you never tasted any better, and sold so low. Dried fruits of all kinds—all kinds of canned fruit, better and cheaper than can be done up by you, to be had at the same place.

The Mifflinburg Telegraph says Mr. Wm. Ruhl, aged about 19 years, son of Henry Ruhl of Buffalo twp, narrowly escaped being killed by a brace of highwaymen on Thursday evening of last week. He had been in Lewisburg and left for home, in his buggy, at about 7 o'clock, p. m., of said day, and when in the vicinity of the public school house, near the Great Western Hotel, two men on foot demanded him to halt or they would shoot him. He refused to do so, whereupon they fired at him, one of the balls passing through his hat. Being entirely unarmed, he played the whip on his horse and escaped. Who the would-be murderers are he has not the slightest idea. People who have occasion to travel after night, should hereafter be prepared to give villains of this character a warm reception.

KANSAS!

Charles W. Stebbins, an old resident of Atchison, Kansas, will deliver a fee lecture on that state, and western emigration, giving good, honest advice as to who should go, and who should not go, at

Spring Mills Hall January 12th, 7 p. m.
Millheim Town Hall " 11th 7 p. m.
Woodward School House " 10th 7 p. m.

DEMPSEYTOWN, VENANGO Co. PA. Dec. 31, 1877.

MR. FRED KURTZ.—Dear Sir:—

I will give you a little sketch of Dempseytown, which is located about half way between Franklin, Venango county and Titusville, Crawford county, and about 7 miles west of Oil City. The situation is very pleasant from the fact that it is built on high ground, from which a person can have good view the surrounding country. It embraces a population of about two hundred inhabitants, and affords three variety stores, two blacksmith shops, two shoemaker shops, one wagon shop, one hotel, which is a grand building, just now.

I came to this town April 6, 1861, followed the tailoring business ever since, until last spring I quit handling the goose; while I followed the business I always had plenty of work, I think I am safe to say that this is as good a place for a tailor to start business as there is in the state of Pennsylvania. The surrounding country is thickly settled. I hope some good tailor will see and heed this and come to Dempseytown and start business. There are oil wells north, south, east and west of us, and they are drilling within one mile of town, and we look for a big excitement soon. Respectfully Yours,

G. K. W.

CEDARVILLE ILL., Dec. 28th, 1877.—Weather mild; roads very muddy; business almost at a stand still; farmers can not market their grain and pork; money scarce; some farmers are ploughing, grass grows like in May also fruit buds swelling, which is a pretty sure indication that we will have no fruit next season. W. M.

SPRUCETOWN Dec. 24th, 1877.

MR. KURTZ:—Sprucetown is but a village, situated about 1 mile east of Centre Hill. It contains about 50 inhabitants. The site is beautiful and affords every thing necessary to promote health and comfort. The people follow various occupations. Among those are two wagonmakers, one shoemaker and one blacksmith, all are operating with no opposition whatever. We have no tradition as to the origen of the term "Sprucetown." But suppose it originated in the following manner: A great many years ago there resided in this town a famous German hunter who was noted for his daring and perilous adventures, sometimes making very narrow escapes. He lived in a cabin built in a very lonely district. His subsistance was principaly game which was easily obtained. Often while out on hunting expeditions he was pursued by the savage Indian and compelled to flee for his life. One night as he was meditating over the pursuites of the day he became the recipient of a guest, an English hunter who had wandered in the wilds and became bewildered and in this way encountered this cabin. The visitor was welcome to pass the night in the cabin with this German, who could hardly speak English. While indulging in conversation on various subjects, a fierce cry startled their ears, and at once began an investigation of the place from whence the cry came, to their surprise they saw a large panther in the top of a large Spruce. They both discharged their rifles but with no result whatever. The enraged animal began at once to descend, then the Dutchman remarked in broken English "luke he come the Spruce town." The animal was captured with great difficulty. This odd expression of the German became a by word and in this way the place received its name. The happiest man in town is David Sweetwood, the shoemaker, he says he can make boots in winter as well as summer, that is providing they are not large enough to crowd him out. Philip Kemp a succesful farmer says he generally plows when the furrow will fill with water behind him. MILTON.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

On last Sabbath we were 10 degrees below "Selinsgrove."

The festival in the Lutheran church on New Year's night was a grand success. The occasion was to give the young a treat of the good things of this earth. Truly the master has said "Feed my Lambs."

The Reformed are making ample preparations for the rites of the dedication of their new church on next Sabbath, Jan. 13. There is a tremendous crowd expected.

Oliver Gramley, from Cedarville, Illinois, has returned to pay his numerous friends a visit after an absence of nearly 12 years. He is as of yore, congenial and full of fun. We wish him a happy stay and a mile of sausages.

On last Sabbath evening the Evangelical church was crowded even unto overflowing, to hear Bishop Dubbs, of the Ev. Church, preach. His text was, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove yourselves." 2 Cor. 13:5. He delivered one of the few good sermons which we Rebersburgers are blessed with. May he soon come again.

Mrs. Cornelius Stover gave birth to twins, a boy and girl, a few days ago. Very lucky Cornelius; we heartily congratulate you. HEW MOR.

NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPLOSION.

Seven Men Killed.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 2, 1878.

At about ten o'clock this morning two tons of nitro glyceeine exploded while being loaded into a car on the railroad track near the iron mines, half a mile from Negaunee, Lake Superior.

Seven men were killed.

A locomotive and car were destroyed and much damage done to the railroad track and to fences and dwellings in Negaunee.

The names of the killed are as follows: S. A. Wheeler, Walter Wheeler, Ira Huckley, William Meyer, Charles Milton, Jeremiah Foley, William Spillman.

The force of the explosion was mainly downward. The cause of the explosion is unknown as yet.

The locomotive was lifted into the air and thrown fifty feet, where it landed a confused heap of wood and iron. Of the killed, S. A. Wheeler and his son; Walter and Ira Henckley were employed at the nitro-glycerine works, Henckley being superintendent. These three were blown to atoms, no piece of flesh larger than two pounds in weight being discoverable.

The other four were railroad employees and were in the cab of the engine when the explosion came. Their blackened and mangled remains were there, the flesh stripped from their faces and their limbs and bones broken.

Ishpeming, three miles away, plainly felt the shock. The damage in Negaunee was probably $2,500, and some persons there are reported seriously injured by the concussion.

TEN BULLETS DELIBERATELY FIRED INTO A YOUNG WOMAN'S BODY.

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 2.—This city is excited to-night by a first class murder sensation, the first since the brute Odir put to death three women, just two years ago yesterday. The murderer of to-day is a young man named Chas. R. McGill, and the victim was Mary Kelly, 25 years of age.

For some weeks past they had been at outs, and he had lost track of her in the city, although she had recently been writing him letters, offering to make up the quarrel. He was unable to find her whereabouts until he had sent a decoy letter, using the name of Mary Huff, a friend of hers, who lives in Columbus, asking to meet her yesterday in Wood street. The woman was at the place at the time named and McGill saw her, and by using an accomplice, succeeded in following her to a house on Broadway, where he met her.

To-day he purchased a revolver for $2.50 and went into the yard back of the store to practice with his weapon. He fired three shots, hitting once a blacking box lid. Loading the seven chambers of the revolver, he went to her house and to her room. After talking with her for nearly an hour, they sat down together, and he drew her head upon his shoulder with feigned affection. Putting his left arm around her body, he drew his revolver and shot her under the right ear. She exclaimed, "Charlie, forgive me, and send for the priest!" But he continued to shoot until her face was literally peppered with bullet holes. The seven bullets having been fired, he then sat upon a chair and reloaded his weapon. Finding that she still breathed, he lifted up her left arm and fired two bullets into her heart, and put a final one in the forehead between the eyes, making ten in all.

Satisfied that she was dead, he threw the revolver upon the bed and went down stairs, and meeting two men in the street took them up stairs and said, "See what I have done!" He asked that a policeman be sent for, as he wanted to give himself up. He was accommodated in a few minutes.

A FRIGHTFUL CHINESE MASSACRE.

London, January 5.—Official information has been received in St. Petersburg that the Chinese have massacred 15,000 men, women and children at the Kashgarian town of Maras, committing most frightful atrocities.

DEATH ON THE DEEP.

Ninety-three Lives Lost on the Chilyian Coast.

Panama, December 27.—The steamship Atacama, of the Pacific steamship navigation company, from Valparaiso to Callao, struck on a rock called Quietra Olas, on the Chilian Coast on the 30th of November. The vessel was broken into pieces and went down in a few minutes. Ninety three lives were lost, including the captain and all the crew. The mails and the cargo were also lost.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Panama, December 27.—There is a report of a serious accident at Manillos, one of the southern guano deposits. It stated that a scaffolding fell, killing forty workmen and injuriug many more.

Greeder & Co.'s malt house, Harrisburg burned. Loss, $70,000.

The Vulcan Iron Works, Cairo, Illinois burned. Loss, $15,000.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 30th day of January, A. D. 1878, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The account of D. M. Wagner, guardian of Clarissa A. Hamer, late Clarissa A. Thompson, minor child of William A. Thompson, late of Centre county, deceased.

2. The account of Sarah H. Chrissman, executrix of etc., of Adam Crissman, late of Snowshoe township, deceased.

3. The account of Wm. P. Wilson, guardian of the minor children of Emeline Sheats, formerly Lucas, late of Union twp. deceased.

4. The first and final account of Joseph Bitner, guardian of John Dashem and Mary L. Dashem, children of Jacob Dashem, deceased.

5. The account of Jonathan Musser, guardian of Carrie A. Keplor, deceased, a minor child of Jacob Kepler, late of Ferguson township, deceased.

6. The account of W. C. Beatty, administrator of &c., of John Beatty, late of Marion township, dec'd.

7. The second account of J. P. Gephart, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Daniel and Mary Hastings, late of said county, deceased.

8. The final account of J. P. Gephart, trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court to make sale of the real estate of Jacob S. Awl, late of said county, deceased.

9. The first partial account of John and Nathan M'Closky, egecutors of Joseph McCloskey, late of Curtin township, dec'd as filed by John McClosky.

10. The final account of Joseph G. Carson, admistrator of &c., of George Carlin, late of Potter township, dec'd.

11. The account of J. H. Brown, guardian of Nora C Green, minor child of John Green, late of Snowshoe twp., deceased.

12. The account of J. H. Brown, guardian of Maggie B. Green, minor child of John Green, late of Snowshoe twp, dec'd.

13. The second and final account of Edward F. Lloyd and Austin J. Montgomery, trustees of estate of Hardman Philips, deceased.

14. The final account of J. G. Meyer, guardian of the minor children of Magdalene Meyer, deceased.

15. The account of John Q. Packer, administrator of &c., of O. P Forringer, late of Curtin township, deceased.

16. The first and partial account of Geo. H. Harkins and John Harkins, administrators of &c., of William Harkins, late of Potter township, deceased, as filed by John Harkins, one of the administrators.

17. The account of Rebecca Jodon and Lewis Edgar Jodon, executors of &c., of Francis Jodon, late of Spring township, deceased. WM. E. BURCHFIELD. 3jan *Register.*

Good Store Stand

FOR SALE OR RENT.

The undersigned, wishing to go west, offer their dry goods and drug-store for sale or rent. Possession given at any time. The goods are new, consisting of dry-goods, notions, groceries and drugs. The building is also new and located in the best business portion of Centre Hall. 20dec tf MILLER & SON.

Where to Go and How to Go West!

2,000,000 acres of land for sale cheap in the garden of the West. For circulars, maps of Kansas, full information as to best Railroads to travel on, Tickets, Freight Rates, etc., apply or write to

WM. SHORTLIDGE,
Agent Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe RR.
20dec 3m Bellefonte, Pa.

Valuable Farm

AT

PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale his farm in Potter township, Centre county, one mile east of Centre Hall, known as the Robert Pennington farm,

Containing 146 ACRES,

in good state of cultivation, no hills but gently rolling, most all limestone land, about 125 Acres cleared, balance woodland near the buildings. Upon the farm are a large BANK BARN,

Frame House, Nearly New,

of modern style, Hog pen, Smoke houses etc., Two Apple Orchards on the farm, water piped into the house-yard and into barn yard. The farm is well fenced, and one mile from blacksmith shops stores, churches. The terms will be made easy.

Bounded on east by lands of late Sam'l Huston, south by lands of late Wm. Keller, west by Keller and Bible, and north by Bible and Huston. Also ninety-six acres of mountain land.

Address or apply to
ROBERT A. MEANS,
Lewistown,
12dec3m Mifflin county, Pa.

C. C. CONSER.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

In Bank Building, Centre Hall.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of this vicinity that he has taken rooms in above building where he is prepared to do all kinds of work belonging to his line, for men and boys, and according to latest styles. Goods sold by sample. Having had nine years experience he guarantees all work to render perfect satisfaction, and solicits a share of the public patronage. 6dec6y

I. N. Thomas, banker, of Des Moines, has suspended. Liabilities $25,000; assets $48,000.

The liabilities of Kenner & Co., of Cincinnati, will amount to about $30,000. They propose to pay twenty or thirty cents on the dollar.

The failure of Samuel Bliss & Co., wholesale grocers of Chicago, is announced. Their liabilities are variously stated at $125,000 to $200,000.

The creditors of Jacob Benninger, a Cincinnati pork packer, filed a petition to force him into bankruptcy. His liabilities are estimated at $100,000 and his assets as $70,000.

The Rollingsford Savings Bank, Salmon Falls, N. H., has been compelled to shut down.

The revenue force in North and South Carolina and Georgia is to be put on a war footing.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, January 7.—Flour quiet; superfine $4; extra $5; Penna family 6 25@7; Minn do., 5 75@6 25; patent and high grades 6 50@9. Wheat dull, steady; amber 1 43@1 46; Penna red 1 30@1 41; white 1 45@1 50. Corn quiet and firmer; yellow 63@64c; mixed 62@64c for spot; sail 58@59c; January 58@59c; February 59@59½; March 59@59½c. Oats quiet; Penna white 27@38c; western do., 37@38c; western mixed 35@36c. Rye dull at 68@70c Butter dull; creamery, 31@33c; Bradford county and New York extras 25@27c; western reserve 22@25c. Eggs dull; Pa 23@24c; western 22@23c. Cheese steady, New York fancy 13@18½c; western choice 12½@13c. Petroleum lower. Refined 12½ crude 10½c.

Chicago, January 5.—Wheat in fair demand but lower. No. 1 Chicago spring 1 09; No 2 do., 1 07@1 08 for cash and January; 1 08½ for February; 1 09½ for March. Rejected 89. Oats dull and a shade lower; 24½c for cash; 24¾ for February. Rye steady and in fair demand at 56@56½c.

Barley steady and firm at 57½c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, January 7.—The cattle market active. Good 6¼; common 4@5½c. Sheep market active. Good to prime 5@6¼; medium 5@5½c, common 4@5c. Hogs—Market fair; good 6½c; common to medium 6@6½c.

MARRIED.

At the Lutheran parsonage, in Milroy, December 26, by Rev. S. G. Shannon, Horace E. Zerbe, of Williamsport, and Miss Clara Amelia Ossman, of Centre Hall.

At the parsonage of Rev. R. Young, Logansville, Dec. 23, 1877, Mr. Andy Gramley to Miss Calisca Zeigler, both of Sugar Valley.

On the same day and by the same, Mr. Philip Caras of Madisonburg to Miss Mary J. Smith of Boonsville.

On Dec 25, 1877, at Centre Hall, Pa., Mr. Willard Miller, of Logansville, to Miss Eliza J. Albright, of Penn Hall, Pa.

On Jan. 3, 1878, by Rev. W. H. Stover, at Rock Hill, Mr. James W. Rowan of Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa., to Miss Sarah C. Coble of Houserville Centre Co. Pa.

DEATHS.

Near Logansville, on Sunday evening, Dec. 30, 1877, Mrs. Eliza Confer.

On 31 ult., in Effingham county, Illinois of consumption Elizabeth, wife of Henry Spyker, formerly of Aaronsburg, aged 58 years.

On 1st, in Lebanon, Michael Witmer, aged 81 years, 11 months and 18 days. Deceased was a brother of Mr. Henry Witmer, of this place.

On 1, suddenly, Sarah, wife of Christian Mensch, of Hartley, aged 64 years, 7 months and 25 days.

Valuable Farm

AT

PRIVATE SALE!

The well-known farm late of Rev. P. S. Fisher, dec'd, situate in Gregg township, Centre county, 1 mile west of Spring Mills rr station, and at present occupied by Chas. Horner, is offered at privatesale. Consisting of

135 ACRES,

and one of the best producing farms in the valley. It has all necessary buildings, and the Barn is entirely new. It is under good fences, has good, heavy timber land, 2 good Orchards, and with Penns Creek running through centre of the farm, and has

An Excellent Mill Seat.

For further particulars apply to Maj. J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall, Pa. or to

C. P. W. FISHER,
jan 3 3t Boalsburg, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Sparr, late of Harris township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

DAVID E SPARR,
DANIEL HESS,
20dec6t Executors.

Coal and Lumber.

J. D. LONG,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

is now fully prepared to furnish all kinds of Coal and Lumber, upon short notice. His coal are kept under roof, and are from the

WILKESBARRE COAL MINES

BEST COAL IN MARKET.

Also

SHAMOKIN COAL

all of which are sold at the very

LOWEST PRICES.

Yard near Depot. 20dec 3m

Grand Opening.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

NEW STORE AT CENTRE HALL!

I. GUGGENHEIMER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST ASSORTMENTS OF NEW

WINTER GOODS,

EVER OFFERED IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

MANY OF THEM 25 TO 50 PER CENT CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE!

CONSISTING IN PART OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER, QUEENESVARE GLASSWARE, SPICES, GROCERIES, TOBACCO, SEGARS, FISH, BACON, SALT, &c.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO CASH BUYERS.

Cloverseed,

TAKEN IN AND THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES PAID IN CASH OR TRADE. STORE IN THE OLD ROOM CONNECTED WITH SPANGLERS HOTEL. 15dec

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty.

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license, in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for Centre county and that application will be made at the next session of said court to grant the same:

John G Uzzle	Tavern	Snow Shoe twp
Perry H Stover	do	Penn twp
John Anderson	Saloon	Bellefonte
Abram Baum	Wholesale	do
Joel Kling, Jr	Tavern	Marion
Robert Taylor	Tavern	Philipsburg boro

A. WILLIAMS, Prothy.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Sam'l Frank, and the Honorable John Dreese, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 15 day of Jan. A. D. 1878, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte for the county of Centre, and to commence on the fifth Monday of Jan. being the 28th day of the month, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Jan., in the year of our Lord, 1877, and in the 101st year of Independence of the United States.

LEVI PAUNSON Sher

Spring Mills Market.

White Wheat, 1 30.
Red " 1 30.
Rye, 50c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, 40c
Oats, 25c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed, $4 25 to $5 00.
Chop, per ton, $23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Potatoes, per bush. 30.
Flour, per bbl, $7.
Butter, 22c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 20c.
Coal, Egg, per ton, $4.50.
" Stove, 4 50.
" Chestnut, 4 50.
" Pea, 3.00.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale,	$ 7 50.
" retail,	$8 00.
White wheat, 1 30.	
Red " 1 30	
Rye, 55.	
Corn, shelled, 40	
Corn, cob, 40.	
Oats, 25.	
Barley, rye weight, 55.	
Cloverseed $4 per 64 pounds.	
Potatoes retail, 30	
Nova Scotia plaster, ground,	10 00.
Cayuga "	$9 00.
Potatoes, 25.	
Onions, 50c.	
Butter, per lb., 22c.	
Lard,	
Bacon, sides, 10c.	
" shoulders, 10c.	
" Hams, 14c.	
Tallow, 7c.	
Rags, 2c.	

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS! Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure cure for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood Disorders. None genuine unless stamped, "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send $5 c'ts for one box to Harrick, Roller & Co., 32 N. 4th st. Philadelphia. 3jan 1y nr 3p

GET READY

FOR WINTER!!

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST

AND CHEAPEST

PARLOR STOVES,

Buy the

"Laurel Wreath."

(Single or DOUBLE HEATERS.)

These stoves have TWO ROWS of lights, shaking and dumping grate, arranged to clean out the clinkers. No danger from gas, no parts to burn out, so as to let gas into the upper room. We make THREE SIZES of Single and TWO SIZES of Double Heaters of these justly popular Stoves.

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST

AND CHEAPEST

Cooking Stoves,

BUY THE

"ZENITH,"

Double Oven Range; or the

"Economy,"

Single Oven Range.

They are the best in the market, have SIX BOILER HOLES, shaking and dumping grate, APPLY THE HEAT TO ALL THE BOILERS AT ONCE. The oven is large and square, the doors tin-lined. The PLATES ARE HEAVY, unlike the light plates of city stoves—COMPARE THEM. We make a No. 8 and No. 9 of both these ranges.

All these stoves are WARRANTED, and you can get repairs from the Manufactory in one day.

For Sale by

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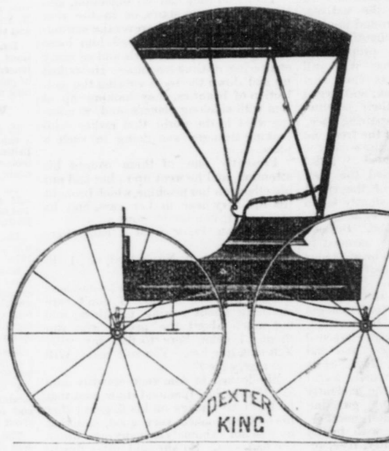

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Graham & Son are offering extra inducements to

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We have the largest and cheapest stock of

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in Bellefonte and are determined to sell at such prices as will suit the pockets of every one. Now is the time to buy your fall and winter stock. You can get a good solid Leather Button Shoe for Ladies, from $2.00 to 2.50

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Mens' wool lined gum boots,	3.00
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" " " Alashas,	1.

True Contentment.

Man is a being prone to find
Fault with the things that are—
Who still keeps wishing in his mind
For something better far;
Yet, had he what he does desire,
Soon, sated with the same,
He of his very bliss would tire,
Monotonous and tame.

How many hours of hopes and sighs
In yearnings vain are spent,
Thinking, if we could gain the prize,
That we would rest content:
But, when we reach the wished-for end,
And see one still beyond,
We soon are anxious to extend
To that which looks more fond.

Still it is best such is the case,
For, were we satisfied
With things we have, each in its place,
And had no wish denied,
Not any progress would we make,
Nor from one stage advance,
Of better comforts to partake,
Our pleasures to enhance.

Contentment true is using right
The means we have to bless,
While living in expectant sight
Of greater happiness;
Anticipation's a bliss
That each one can enjoy,
Though in fulfillment they may miss
That which their hearts would cloy.

Growth is the common law of earth,
Change is the rule of Life,
And, being of a finite birth,
Our forms with faults are rife;
Perfection is a godly grace
Beyond the human scope;
Aid, running an eternal race,
We still must yearn and hope.

THE CRIPPLE.

Two young girls were standing by the crossing waiting for an equipage to pass drawn by a span of greys, who pranced along as though proud of their mounted harness and liveried coachman.

"Isn't it an elegant turnout? And to think that all that style is wasted on a cripple."

The speaker was a bright-looking but evidently thoughtless girl, whose fancy was taken by show and glitter more than by more solid qualities.

Lucretia Armstrong's eyes had been fixed dreamily on a poor child who had been sweeping the pavement, and whose thin hand was reaching out for a pittance. She put a coin into it, as she answered:

"I was not looking; but why do you say wasted on a cripple? Has he no mind or faculties to appreciate his blessings?"

"What a girl you are to catch one up so! Of course he has as good an intellect as any one, and, by all accounts, better than most; but having everything so elegant makes his infirmity the more conspicuous."

"I don't see why"—

The speaker paused abruptly, for here, at the very bookseller's where she was about to enter, a carriage was drawn up, and a gentleman was alighting from it, helped by the footman, who gave him his crutches, upon which he made his way into the shop.

As he passed the friends he raised his hat to Kitty and smiled pleasantly.

Lucretia's cheeks were burning at the thought that they had been discussing his infirmities, and she selected her paper in silence and hastened away. As soon as she was well out of the place she said, earnestly:

"I think that gentleman has the most interesting face I have ever seen. His eyes are superb—great luminous wells of thought. I wouldn't mind going on crutches to own such a face as that."

Kitty laughed.

"Well, Cree, you always were an odd little thing. I see you haven't outlived your little peculiarities. Have you still your collection of maimed and exacting pets? I declare, if it had been anybody but dear, lovable Cree Armstrong who had turned herself into a nurse for animals, we school-girls would have cut you in the old days. I suppose, however, 'the child is father of the man,' or rather (in this case) woman, and no doubt you've kept up your practices since I left Gorton."

Lucretia smiled as her friend rattled on, but merely said:

"I see you are the same Kitty—as much given to exaggeration as ever. But who is the gentleman? I see you know him."

"His name is Gale Bertram. Brother Charlie is very fond of him, although a mere boy compared to him. Charlie has hobbies, you know, and Mr. Bertram is so learned on almost everything under the sun, that, if Charlie gets puzzled, all he has to do is to go to his old gentleman friend, and he's put straight in no time."

"Kitty, how you run on! If every one were like you, poor Mr. Bertram would be laid upon the shelf for society, I fear."

"He doesn't care for society, so he'd be no loser."

"He's to be envied for his indifference, then, as he values it in its true light."

Kitty turned and looked at Lucretia in a quizzical way from head to feet.

"Well, my dear, if I did not see a pretty, stylish young girl with my very own eyes, I should rather say I was talking with an aged philosopher, who had outlived his youth. Lucretia"—this was said with great impressiveness—"you shall have an introduction. I foresee that Mr. Bertram will be drawn out of his shell."

"For shame, Kitty," said 'Cree, indignantly; "I will not be introduced after such a speech. I should feel conscious and uncomfortable after hearing him made fun of."

Kitty saw that she had gone too far, and turned the subject with ready tact; she was a natural tease, but did not like to see any one in bad humor, and in that way was restrained oftentime from wounding by her mischievous propensity.

Several days had passed since the girls' conversation, when the object of it called to see Charlie about the result of some experiment he had been making.

A newly-engaged servant answered his ring.

All unused to the ways of the family, instead of conducting the visitor to Charlie's "den," as he called it, he was taken directly to the music room, where his young friend was listening to some Scotch airs which Lucretia was singing in her rich contralto voice.

As he paused on the threshold for a moment, an unobserved listener, she was throwing her whole soul into the rendering of "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast?"

Tears were near his eyelids as she concluded the plaintive little song.

Thoughts long before banished from a mind which would not be morbid—looking resolutely at the blessings vouchsafed, instead of brooding over those denied—now came thronging into his mind with resistless force.

"Why, oh! why could not the Great All-Father have taken my wealth and left me an unblemished body? Then I, too, could have looked forward to a happy home shared by a loving heart. Now it is denied me. Lonely and uncared for must I go through life!"

Thus for a few moments regretful ideas came thick and fast.

But the song was ended, and, with an effort, he became again his cheerful self, as, balancing his broad shoulders on his friendly crutches, he went forward.

Charlie greeted him cordially, and introduced him to Miss Armstrong.

She bowed, and rising, went immediately from the room.

The recollection of Kitty's remarks made her sensitive for him, and she was only too glad to escape from the scrutiny of the dark eyes she feared could read her thoughts on her too expressive face.

Bertram attributed her departure to a different reason.

"Like all others, she wishes to avoid showing her aversion to a cripple," he thought, bitterly.

During her stay at the Langdon's he formed a habit of calling often, and never objected to being drawn by Charlie into the family circle, although formerly he had preferred to have him all to himself, and to avoid the ladies of the family.

Several times upon his entrance, Lucretia found an opportunity to leave upon some ostensible errand; but, after a time she forgot to be nervous about his visits, and remained an interested listener to his eloquent and instructive conversation, and then he learned to look for the swift glow of sympathy which never failed to brighten the large gray eyes, as the chosen theme soared to regions accessible only to those gifted with natures above the commonplace.

The Langdons lived comfortably and even elegantly, but could not afford a carriage.

One evening, just at sunset, Mr. Bertram drove up to the door, and asked for Miss Kitty.

She came to the door, and absolutely danced with pleasure when he invited her and her friend out for a drive.

It took the girls but a few moments to put on their wraps and take their places in toe the carriage.

As Mr. Bertram took his seat in front of them he said to Kitty—

"I am sorry I never have thought before that a drive might be enjoyed by some of my young friends. I have been very selfish in appearance, I fear; but it was in reality owing to my poor appreciation of my lonely rides. It never occurred to me that they could be made endurable to pleasant society."

Time flew on wings.

Kitty's tongue, as usual, was on vivacious motion; and Lucretia now and then chimed in, although her enjoyment was most of the time too deep for words.

Suddenly from the roadside rushed a tiny Skye-terrier, evidently thinking his mission lay at the hores' feet; but a shriek and a writhing bundle of fur soon convinced the occupants of the carriage that it was all a mistake on the puppy's part.

With a faint cry Kitty put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Not so Lucretia.

"Please, Mr. Bertram, have the carriage stopped. I must see if the poor little thing is killed."

"Now, 'Cree, none of your old tricks," said Kitty, petualantly. "I really believe," turning appealingly to Mr. Bertram, "that if you don't interfere, she'll bring the horrid little thing into the carriage. I shall faint, I'm sure I shall, if she does. She always had a weakness for the maimed of creation."

"Then, Miss Langdon, perhaps your friend may number me among her *proteges*. I can claim a place in that rank."

Kitty blushed—a vivid, uncomfortable, unbecoming red.

"Oh, Mr. Bertram, I beg your pardon! I never once thought!"

"You are forgiven, Miss Kitty. In your very unconsciousness of treading upon dangerous ground lies the receipt of cure for what is perhaps a morbid sensitiveness to my infirmity."

Lucretia had not heard these remarks. She had alighted and gone to the poor little victim of self-confidence. Taking him up tenderly, she found that his injuries were confined to a broken leg; so, with much petting and soothing she took her delicate cambric handkerchief and bound up the wounded member. Coming to the carriage, she lifted up a pleading face.

"May I take him in? See—he is somebody's pet. Look at his collar. It is of silver, and his name—Fidget—is engraved upon it. Some one is mourning for his loss. We can advertise tomorrow.

Of course the litte animal was admitted on the prayer of such an interesting special pleader, and the party were soon speeding homewards.

All were strangely quiet, even Kitty's chattering tongue had received a sudden quietus, and Mr. Bertram was in a brown study.

At last Lucretia looked up and met his eyes fixed with a strange intentness upon her face.

"I know you think me very silly, Mr. Bertram, but I can't help it. I shouldn't have had a moment's comfort for days if I had left that poor little thing to suffer."

"No, Miss Armstrong, you are mistaken about my thoughts. May I call in the morning and express them to you more fully than I can do now."

Lucretia looked at him, but thinking by his expression that he was quizzing her, said indifferently:

"I suppose you wish to classify my folly by some learned name' Seach the records, by all means, and be sure to relieve my suspense in the morning."

"I will most assuredly do so."

The low, deep voice had an earnestness uncalled for by the occasion, Lucretia thought, and then dismissed the matter from her mind and gave herself up to the enjoyment of her drive.

According to promise, the next morning Mr. Bertram called and asked for Miss Armstrong, and was informed that Lucretia had taken her portfolio with her, and strolled off into the park that lay just behind the residence, and into which any of the family or their friends were at liberty to wander whenever they felt disposed.

Here, seated on a small mound, evidently lost in thought, he found Lucretia, and, before she was fairly aware of his presence, he had thrown himself down at her feet, and pronounced her name.

She looked up with a start, and then, observing that his face was very pale, she cried:

"Are you not well, Mr. Bertram? Can I do anything for you?"

He gave a sudden start as he spoke, and his face lost its pallor in an agitated rush of color.

"Yes, Miss Armstrong, you can if you will. Will you forgive me if I ask you to listen to me while I tell you my motive in coming here this morning?"

Lucretia, in silent wonder at his agitation, settled herself to listen to what he might have to say.

"Miss Armstrong—Lucretia—you see before you a man who seemed at one time to have been selected for fortune's favorite. Wealth, kind friends and health, joined to an unblemished physique, were mine until the accident occurred which made me a cripple. Until very lately I have been contented, notwithstanding my misfortune, although I had given up all thought of ever being other than I am—a lonely bachelor. But I have fallen under a new influence, that of love, and it rests with you to determine whether my future is to be happy or miserable."

His meaning, by this time, began to dawn upon Lucretia.

She rose abruptly.

"No, hear me through!"

As he spoke he took her hand gently, and said:

"Please sit down, and be your own quiet, kind self until I finish my story, even if your heart cannot respond to the overpowering passion which fills mine with your sweet imagine to the exclusion of all other thoughts and feeling. I know I am not a fitting lover to offer myself——"

Lucretia put out her hand with an imperative gesture:

"Do not say that. It is not so! Any girl might be proud of such an offer."

"Then you will say 'yes'?" broke in the eager lover. "You will be my wife?"

"It is so sudden. I had not once thought of you in that light," was the hesitating reply.

"Tell me truly. Does this pitiful lameness lessen my chances of gaining your love?"

"No, oh, no!" she answered, earnestly. "If anything, I should love you better for thinking how much suffering you must have gone through before reaching your present state of noble resignation."

"I have not been very resigned of late; so you must not give me credit for virtues I do not possess. But, bless my misfortune, after what you have said, and bless Miss Kitty, for giving me such an insight into my love's tender little heart! I should never have had the courage to offer myself to you, Miss Lucretia, had I not heard that you had a *penchant* for the maimed. On the strength of that intelligence I spoke. But you must give me an answer. Is it 'Yes' or 'No'?"

Judging from his beaming face he was not much in doubt as to which it was. But Lucretia said softly:

"I will tell you to-morrow."

"Well, I must be content to wait. You can do me one favor, though, at once. Give me one look full into those shy eyes. I have never yet been able to decide upon thei r color. Those white lids have always had a fancy of hiding them, when I have most wished to read their kindly story."

Lucretia flushed so that her pretty face looked like a blush rose; but she obeyed her lover, and as she met his clear, truth-compelling eyes, the knowledge dawned upon her that she had no need to wait until the morrow—that she loved him with her whole heart.

He read the answer at once in their shy timid glance, and, drawing her to him, murmured:

"Thank God for this! His most precious gift Life will be too short to prove how much I love my darling girl—my promised wife!"

A VEGETABLE FIEND.

The Man-Eating Tree of Madagascar—A Hideous Orgy.

A traveler gives a description of a singular tree found in the island of Madagascar, and worshipped by the Mkodos, a primitive race who dwell in caves hollowed out of rocks, and are among the smallest of human beings, the men seldom exceeding fifty-six inches in height. After describing how he was led to the tree by one Henrick and their natives, he continues: I will try to describe it to you. If you can imagine a pine-apple eight feet high, and thick in proportion, resting upon its base, and denuded of leaves, you will have a good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of the ananas, but a dark, dingy brown, and apparently hard as iron. From the apex of this truncated cone (at least two feet in diameter) eight leaves hung sheer to the ground, like doors swung back on their hinges. These leaves, which were joined at the top of the tree at regular intervals, were about eleven or twelve feet long, and shaped very much as the American agnave, or century plant. They were two feet through in their thickest part, and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that resembled a cow's horn, very convex on the outer (but now under) surface, and on the inner (now upper) surface slightly concave. This concave face was closely set with very strong thorny hooks, resembling those upon the head of the teazel. These leaves, hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of an oak fiber. The apex of the cone was a round, white, concave figure, like a smaller plate set within a larger one. This was not a flower, but a receptacle, and there exuded into it a clear, treacle liquid, honey sweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating and sporific properties. From underneath the rim, so to speak, of the undermost plate, a series of long, hajry, green trendrils stretched in every direction towards the horizon. These were seven or eight feet long each, and tapered from four inches to a half in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rods. Above these (from between the upper and under cup, six white, almost transparent palpi reared themselves upward. Thin as reeds and frail as quills apparently, they were yet five or six feet tall, and were so constantly and vigorously in motion, with such a subtile, sinuous, silent throbbing against the air, that they made me shudder in spite of myself with their suggestion of serpents flayed, yet dancing on their tails. The description I am giving you now is part made up from a subsequent careful inspection of the plant.

My observations on the occasion were suddenly interrupted by the natives, who had been shrieking around the tree in their shrill voices, and chanting what Hendrick told me were propitiatory hymns to the great devil-tree. With still wilder shrieks and chants they surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javelins until slowly, and with despairing face, she climbed up the stalk of the tree, and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi twirling all about her. "Tisk! Tisk!" (drink! drink!) cried the men and stooping she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, raising instantly again with wild frenzy in her face, and convulsive cholera in her limbs. But she did not jump down as she seemed to intend to do. Oh, no! The atrocious cannibal that had been so inert and dead came to sudden, savage life. The slender, delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered for a moment over her head, then, as if by instinct, with demoniac intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms; then, while her awful screams, and yet more awful laughter, rose wilder, to be instantly strangled down again into a gurgling moan, the tendrils, one after another, like great green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity, rose, retracted themselves, and wrapped her about in fold after fold, ever tightening, with the cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Laocoon without its beauty—this strange, horrible murder. And now the great leaves rose slowly and stiffly like the arms of a derrick, erected themselves in the air, approaching one another, and closed about the dead and hampered victim with the silent force of a hydraulic press, and the ruthless purpose of a thumbscrew. A moment more, and while I could see the basis of the great leaves pressing more tightly towards each other, from their interstices, there trickled down the stems streams of viscid honey-like fluid, mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim. At the sight of this the savage hordes around me, yelled madly, bounded forward, crowded to the tree, clasped it, and with cups, leaves, hands and tongues, got each one enough of the liquor to send him mad and frantic. Then ensued a grotesque and inconceivably hideous orgy from which, even while its convulsive madness was turning rapidly into delirium and insensibility, Henrick dragged me hurriedly away into the recesses of a forest, hiding me from the dangerous brutes and the brutes from me. May I never see such a sight again. The indescribable rapidity and energy of its movements may be inferred from the fact that I saw a smaller one seize, capture and destroy an active little lemur that dropped by accident upon it while watching and grianing at me, and in vain endeavored to escape from its fatal coils. With Henrick's assistance and the consent of some of the head men of the Mkodos (who, however, did not dare to stay to witness the act of sacrilege), I cut down one of the trees and dissected it carefully.

A Russian Dance.

They have a peculiar kind of dance, conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his cap, and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing she waves her handkerchief in token of assent, the youth advances, takes the corner of his handkerchief in his hand, and leads his lady round and round. No word is spoken and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cards and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round, never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipes go droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure; and the prize of merit in this "circling," as this dance is called, is given by the spectators to the lassie who, in all that summer revelry, has never spoken and never smiled.

There will be four eclipses in 1878, two of the sun and two of the moon, besides a transit of Mercury over the sun's disc. The dates of the eclipses are as follows: Annular eclipse of the sun, Feb. 2d, invisible; a partial eclipse of the moon, Feb. 17th, partly visible in the United States; a total eclipse of the sun, July 29th, visible in the United States as a partial eclipse; a partial eclipse of the moon, August 12th, partly visible in the United States; a transit of Mercury over the sun's disc may be visible in the United States.

HOW HE MARRIED HER.

The Latest Romance That Comes to Us from the West.

There is living quietly with his wife at one of the hotels in this city, says the Chicago *Tribune*, a man whose way of getting married is so refreshingly new and so full of excitement as to deserve some brief description. It is hardly the thing to give this person's name, but he is here now for the purpose of selling some milling property which he owns out in the mountains; and, if any one chooses to run down the record of the several thousand individuals who are now here on that mission, he may be able to find the hero of this story. His first adventure in wedlock was made some years ago at Denver. He was then a resident of Colorado, speculating in mining lands. One day, as he was strolling along one of the city's streets, he went by a sewing machine store. He looked in through the plate glass window and saw a young woman operating one of the machines. He was mightily pleased with her looks as she sat there curled, ruffled and generally adorned, and he went in and made a closer inspection of her. This more thorough examination confirmed the favorable impression he had formed, and he asked her if she would marry him.

She said she would. They were married, and dwelt together in peace for it might be three or four months. Then there came some disagreement. It is unnecessary to state what it was about. She got a Utah divorce and became free from him. He left Denver and went back to prospecting. He was reasonably successful in this, and came on here not so very long ago for the purpose of disposing of some mining property which he had gotten.

Notwithstanding the unlucky result of his first marriage speculation, his thoughts kept on returning to the joys of wedded life. He had tried it unaided once, but had failed in it. So this time he took the counsel of the fates. He went over to a clairvoyant on West Madison street, and laid his case before her. Being a business man, and plain of speech, he said: "I want you to tell me where to find the woman who will suit me for a wife. If you tell me truly, and I find her and marry her, I will give you $10,000."

At first she didn't believe him. But, while his words seemed a little wild, the way in which he spoke them was sober enough. There was a possibility of making $10,000, and a certainty of making $5, for she charged him that for her hour of advice, and he paid it. She took counsel with her family and gave him an answer the following day. "You go," said she, "to ——'s shirt manufactory, and look through the sewing-room. There you will find the woman whom the Lord intended should be your wife, and the one that will make you happy; and, perhaps," she said to herself, "the woman who will stand me in for $10,000."

Now, he was not exactly sure about this advice, because he had married one woman who looked pretty as she sat at a sewing machine, and it didn't seem so certain to him that happiness was always to be found in company with that useful, though romantic machine. Still he had faith in his clairvoyant, and he resolved to see what there was in her story. So it may have been two, or perhaps three months ago that he wandered into ——'s place and said: "I would like to look through your sewing-room. I want to see how you do business. I want to know how shirts are made on a big scale. I have worn shirts, off and on, for the last thirty years, but never studied up very closely the business of making them. Can I look through your room and see the outfit?"

They said they had no objection, and they took him up stairs, or in the rear part of the store, or wherever the sewing-room may be, and turned him loose among a dozen pretty girls and as many chattering, rattling machines. He walked up and down the room viewing the collection of beauties, they looking up at him with sidelong glances and wondering what in the world that rather odd-looking stranger was doing in such a place.

Presently one of them caught his attention, and he went up to her and put his elbow on her machine, which brought his lips very near to her ears, and he said to her, in a tender tone:

"Do you know what I came here for?"

She said: "No, indeed, sir, I do not."

"Then," said he, "I didn't come here to look at these things. I don't care anything about sewing machines, and not much about the people who run them. I came here to find my wife. You look like her. You suit me. Will you marry me?"

She looked at him very steadily and saw that he had diamond studs, and that he had heavy rings on his fingers; that his clothes looked very good, and that he was not as homely as many men whom she had seen. So she said, after finishing the band on which she was busied, and laying her work a little on one side: "I will marry you if your references are good."

He said to her, still in a tender tone: "My references are So-and-so and So-and-so. My name is So-and-so. I live at such a place, and got a divorce three years ago; have a copy of the decree duly certified; no reason for trouble on that account.

Then he left, thanking the proprietors for their courtesy, and telling them he had found out all he wanted to know; went over to Peter Hand and got a marriage license, in which his name was misspelled. Two days afterward he was married, the girl having been satisfied with the references, and he is now living, as was stated above, in great happiness at one of the Chicago hotels. He is a picture of devotion; she of wifely love and fondness, and if the Utah divorce business is abolished may remain so. They had been married a week when the clairvoyant noticed, somehow or somewhere, that her customer had got his wife. She opened her eyes rather wide at this, for a clairvoyant has not generally faith enough in what she says to attach any importance to it. But the thought of her $10,000 inspired her, and she went over to see her man, and said to him: "Here, you have found your wife and married her. Now, I want you to carry out your contract and give me $10,000." He said: "Certainly; I admit the debt, but you will have to wait until I have sold my mining property. The market is not good for it just now. It don't go off easy; but it is good, and when I dispose of it some time you shall have your $10,000. In the meanwhile here is $5 on account." It was not altogether what she wanted, but she took it and went away.

Helping to Steal His Own Hogs.

A queer case of stealing is related as having occurred a few nights since at a farm situated along the road leading from Medina, Ohio, to Pike Station. A man who drove a wagon provided with a rack for confining cattle while being transported, happened along this road about ten o'clock at night, and coming to the farm of the man, whose name could not be learned, stopped his horses and let three fat hogs from a pen which is located just outside the fence. Having driven them along the road some little distance, he hitched his horses by the roadside and went back to the farm from which he had appropriated the porkers, and aroused the man of the house, telling him that the end gate of his wagon had fallen down, and three hogs had been lost from the wagon owing to this circumstance. Being unable to handle them alone, he asked that somebody from the house come out and assist him in reloading his heavy freight. One of the good farmer's sons was sent to the scene of the accident. In the darkness of the night, and by the united efforts of the two, the cargo of pork was made secure in the wagon, and the unfortunate man drove on his way rejoicing, with many thanks for his kind assistance. The next morning the farmer rises as usual, goes out to attend to his thriving porkers, but finds an empty pen, and the awful truth flashes upon him that he had been victimized by his unfortunate friend the night before. And such was indeed the case, for the missing pigs never returned, and ere this time have graced the festive board of many a gormandizer.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States

Two bodies were recovered from the ruins caused by the explosion in the New York candy factory, while the number of wounded reached over forty. Several persons were still missing on the day following the disaster, but the list of dead will not be so large as was at first supposed. It was also ascertained that the explosion was not caused by the bursting of the boiler, and the real origin of the disaster is yet to be ascertained.

The Union League Club of New York gave a reception to President Hayes. About five thousand persons were present, among them being Mrs. Hayes, Peter Cooper, Attorney-General Devens, Secretary of State Evarts and others.

The large shoe factory of P. & N. Copeland & Co., at South Braintree, Mass., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of about $50,000, on which there is about $35,000 insurance.

John Van Dyke, a youth of nineteen, was hung at Canton, N. Y., for murdering his wife last July, after having been married to her a week.

President Hayes and wife assisted at the opening of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Speeches were made by President Eliot, of Harvard College, Professor O. C. Marsh and others; and the museum was formally opened by President Hayes. In the evening the President attended the seventy-second annual dinner of the New England Society and responded to the toast, "The President of the United States."

Owen Murphy, president of the New York board of excise, twice a member of the assembly, absconded with nearly $50,000 belonging to the excise board. He had been expected at a meeting of the board, and when he failed to put in an appearance his colleagues made an investigation, which resulted in discovering that he had drawn from the bank a large sum of public money under his care, besides a large amount of his own funds, and then fled.

Three Wall street (New York) brokers were arrested as members of a gang of counterfeiters engaged in extensive forging of railroad and other bonds, a large amount of which had been put upon the market.

Fires: At Holbrook, Mass., the town house and Winthrop Church were burned and a loss incurred of $75,000, on which there is a partial insurance; at Pottsville, Pa., the planing mill of William Beehley was fired by an incendiary, and damage done to the amount of $25,000, on which there is $12,000 insurance; and at Springfield, Vt., the buildings of the Union Manufacturing Company were destroyed by fire, with a loss of $8,030 and $4,050 insurance.

Herman H. Materne and Francis Dougherty were dangerously, and perhaps fatally, stabbed during an altercation at the corner of Broadway and Sullivan streets, New York. Charles Crutchet, who was found with a large butcher knife covered with blood up his sleeve, and Thomas Greenan were arrested on the charge of having done the stabbing.

About three hundred of the shoe operators in Lynn, Mass., struck against a contemplated reduction in their wages.

Netter & Co., New York brokers, suspended with liabilities variously estimated at between $200,000 and $500,000.

Owen Murphy, the absconding New York excise commissioner, is believed to be in Canada. He has been expelled from the Tammany Hall general committee, of which he was a member.

Crimes and casualties: During a drunken row at the farmhouse of George Slade, an Englishman, in Methuen, Mass., Michael Doran, aged twenty-three, was killed by a shot in the breast from a gun; at Albany, N. Y., two men named Desmond and Powers were scuffling in a liquor saloon, when the former was struck on the head with a pitcher by the latter and had his skull fractured; an explosion of a kerosene lamp took place in a tenement house at Rondout, N. Y., setting fire to the building, and before all the inmates could get away the wife and little daughter of James Brophy were burned to death; and at Pittsburgh, Pa., James Boyd, a member of the city council, was killed at the foundry in which he was foreman, by having a crane fall on him.

The first "National Congress of the Workingmen's Party" was opened at Newark, N. J., delegates from all parts of the country being present.

Chancellor Runyon, of New Jersey, has appointed Thomas L. Ogden receiver for the Delaware and North Shore railroad. The indebtedness of the road is $200,000.

Courtney, the champion oarsman of the United States, has accepted a challenge from Trickett, the Australian oarsman and champion of Great Britain, to row a race on Owasco lake, N. Y., for the championship of the world.

William Springstein and his daughter Catharine, aged sixteen, were arrested in Brooklyn, N. Y., for making and passing counterfeit five and ten-cent silver pieces.

Ten men who interfered with mining operations during a strike last August were sentenced in Wilkesbarre, Pa., to various degrees of punishment, from $100 fine to $50 fine and nine months in the county prison.

Western and Southern States.

By the explosion of a dynamite cartridge in a tunnel of the Gunpowder Water Works in Baltimore county, Md., Augustus Daniels (colored) was killed, Thomas Porter dangerously and two others slightly injured.

The Maryland and Delaware railroad was sold at a trustees' sale in Easton, Md., for $94,000, the purchaser being Wm. T. Hart, of Boston.

The Indiana Democratic State convention will be held at Indianapolis on February 20, 1878.

Hilliard Morgan, a mulatto, aged thirty-five years, was hanged in Goldsboro, N. C., for committing a burglary in the house of a wealthy farmer last February; and Henry Norfolk was hanged in Annapolis, Md., for murdering his wife last May, his purpose being to marry his victim's sister, a girl of sixteen.

Russell R. Peck, a Chicago lumber dealer, has failed, with liabilities amounting to over $65,000.

A fire in Toledo, Ohio, damaged the carpet establishment of Messrs. Buckman & Mallet and several other buildings to the extent of about $80,000; partially insured.

The Tennessee Senate voted to settle the debt of the State with fifty per cent. bonds, at four, five and six per cent interest.

A dispatch from San Francisco states that a body of 130 Indians encamped near Janos, Sonora, were attacked by white troops, who were routed with a loss of twenty-seven killed, and a number wounded. The Indians followed up their victory by stripping the surrounding country of live stock.

Detective William C. Pride, of Memphis, Tenn., while half asleep imagined he heard a burglar at his window. He caught up a pistol from under his pillow and attempted to cock it, when the weapon was discharged, causing the speedy death of his wife and child of five months.

The failure of Tolle, Holton & Co., wholesale dry goods dealers of Cincinnati, Ohio, has taken place, their liabilities being placed at over $300,000.

A collision occurred between an express and freight train near Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, and the fireman of the latter, Michael Callahan, was instantly killed, while the engineer, Michael Maguire, had both legs cut off and died in two hours.

A party of Arizona marauders, who killed a mail rider recently, were struck by a detachment of the Sixth cavalry. The mail was recaptured and fifteen dead Indians were left on the ground, while more were killed.

Colonel William Randolph Berkeley was sitting in his office at Farmville, Va., conversing with a gentleman, when a knock was heard at the door, and as he arose to open it two shots were fired at him, causing wounds from the effects of which he died in half an hour. The assassin, Capt. W. H. Kennedy, a hotel proprietor, then shot himself in the head, inflicting a wound which caused death the same evening. Colonel Berkeley was a prominent Virginian, one of the leaders of the Conservative party in the State, and had been favorably spoken of as a gubernatorial candidate.

From Washington.

The treasury department reports that a counterfeit five dollar note on the First National Bank of Hanover, Pa., has appeared. The colors are dark and the paper is thin.

Testimony in regard to the Mexico border affairs is being taken by a House sub-committee.

For the purpose of obtaining an additional safeguard against the fraudulent practice of washing canceled postage stamps, new one and two cent three-cent stamps will be prepared with enclosed borders of white around the edge of the designs.

In the treasury department the following notice has been posted under the head, "No Vacancies." "Persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service by reason of disability or sickness incurred in the line of duty, shall be preferred to appointment for civil office, provided they are found to possess the business capacity necessary for the proper discharge of the duties of such office."

The report of the commission appointed to investigate the business of the bureau of statistics, in charge of Edward Young, states that "Dr. Young has used his own time and that of his office in the preparation of reports not called for by law, thereby in some degree hindering the other and regular work of the office; that he caused two or three reports to be stereotyped, with the purpose of ordering copies of them to be printed for private purposes; that he suggested and encouraged the issue of private editions of them, with the design of benefiting his son; and that he distributed copies of them by mail, using official postage stamps for that purpose."

Foreign News.

It is reported that Turkey has called for a new levy of 300,000 troops.

The government prosecution of all newspapers in France, begun since May 16, has been abandoned.

General Grant arrived at Palermo, Sicily, on the United States steamer Vandalia.

Mr. Welsh was introduced to the queen of England by the Earl of Derby, and presented his credentials as United States minister.

Great distress prevails among the poor of Constantinople.

About one hundred Cuban insurgents surrendered recently to the Spanish authorities.

At Tuskethakes, N. S., Mrs. Hatfield, her two daughters of te.. and six years and her son of nine years, were all drowned by falling through the ice.

The Russians have completely invested Erzeroum in Asia Minor.

Accounts from Plevna reveal the most startling tales of misery. The Turks left thousands of wounded men in the city, starving and unattended. They were dying daily by the hundred. The bodies of the slain were lying unburied with the Turkish prisoners encamped in the midst of corpses. A Belgrade dispatch announces that the Servians, under Prince Milan, have taken Palanka.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist at Ottawa, Ontario, was totally destroyed by fire.

A Russian dispatch states that the steamer Rustand captured the Turkish transport Thesmia with seven hundred prisoners, and had arrived at Sebastopol with her prize.

A Scheme That Failed.

A man heard his neighbors in Atlanta, Ga., describe an infernal machine, and forthwith took the hint and constructed one. One night recently he carried his toy to the front steps of a merchant's residence, and after setting it down, rang the bell. When the portly form of the merchant appeared in the doorway the visitor pointed to the box and told him that a plot had been formed to blow up his house. The cigar-box was dropped into a pail of water and then opened. It had a lining of white pine, and was divided into three compartments, each of which was packed with gunpowder and shot; and in the central one were three matches, placed so as to come in contact with sand-paper when the lid was raised. The merchant suspected at once that the inventor of the machine stood before him, although the visitor pretended to have overheard in an alley the details of the plot. The police arrested the half-witted fellow, and forced him to admit that he had made the box. Times were rather dull, he said, and he had thought that a little excitement might help business.

Indian Corn.

Next to wheat, says the London *Family Herald*, in value and quantity, are our imports of Indian corn, nearly three-fourths of which come from the United States and Canada. Last year there was a sudden increase upon all preceding imports from America, the supply jumping from 600,000 to more than 1,300,000 tons. Vast though this quantity appears, it is less than a twentieth part of the American crop. Previous to the potato famine of 1846-7 Indian corn may be said to have been quite unknown in this country. In 1847 500,000 tons of it were introduced into Ireland to feed the people, but it was not found palatable, and the imports quickly diminished, till in 1857 they had barely exceeded 125,000 tons. The supply was not much more in 1867, but doubled in 1868-9, after the bad harvest in this country of 1867. It rose still further in 1875, after the bad harvest of that year; and in 1876, with another deficient harvest here, it doubled at once the highest previous importation.

Eating Snow and Ice.

The habit of picking up a handful of snow or a lump of ice and putting it into the mouth is common to children and not unusual for an adult. It is to say the least an injurious habit. It is liable to produce irritation of the mucous membrane and to cause sore throat. In high states of irritation or inflammation of the lining of the stomach the *swallowing* of lumps of ice has been found to act well as a medicine. This fact may sometimes be quoted by those who are advised not to *eat* ice. But it often happens that something which is good for a medicine is bad for a habit. In case of acute gastritis there is so much inflammation present that the lumps of ice dissolving in the stomach lower the temperature and assist in overcoming the difficulty. But the very thing which will lessen the irritation in this instance will tend to promote irritation when it is unnecessarily used.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

"Trot Him Back."

A bright story is told of the accomplished wife—now dead—of General Hooker. When she was the admired Miss Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, she was once at an evening party when a fashionable young dandy was asked if he would like to be presented to her: "Oh, yes," said he, languidly, "trot her out." The lady overheard the remark, and when he was presented, she adjusted her eye-glasses deliberately and slowly scanned his clothing from boot to collar. The survey finished, she waved her hand and carelessly said: "Trot him back, I have seen all there is of him."

The First Mill in the Country.

In an article in *Potter's American Monthly*, on "Reminiscences of Chester, Pennsylvania," by H. K. W. Wilcox, the author says: "At the mill-seat on Chester creek, was originally located the first mill in the country, and was erected by Richard Townsend, who brought the materials from England. The iron vane was preserved many years after the old mill had passed away. The initials represent the original partners who owned the mill: William Penn, Samuel Carpenter and Caleb Pusey. The date, 1699, of the erection of the structure, was also inscribed on the vane."

The old and reliable piano manufacturers, George Steck & Co., of New York, have taken a sensible view of the hard times by offering to the public, for the present, their pianos at prices in accordance with these times. Considering that the Steck pianos have the enviable reputation of being the best and most durable instrument made, a good many being in need of such an addition to a comfortable home will not be slow in availing themselves of the rare chance to procure an absolutely reliable piano for near the price they would have to pay in getting a so-called cheap class instrument with a fictitious and doubtful name.

Dickens' Little Folks.

Nothing has given the writings of Charles Dickens so strong a hold upon the hearts of parents as the well-known excellence of his portrayal of children and their interests. These delineations having received the approval of readers of mature age, the different child characters have been detached from the large mass of matter with which they were originally connected, and presented in the author's own language, to a new class of readers, to whom the little volumes will be as attractive as the larger originals have proven to the general public. A series of twelve volumes has been prepared, presenting, among others, the following characters: "Smike," from Nicholas Nickleby; "Little Nell," from The Old Curiosity Shop; "The Child Wife," from David Copperfield; "The Boy Joe," from Pickwick Papers, etc., etc. A new edition of the first volume of the series, "Little Paul," from Dombey & Son, has just been issued, illustrated by Darley, and attractively bound. The other volumes will shortly follow. Sent post-paid for $1.00; or any volume will be sent with a year's subscription to the New York *Tribune* (weekly), for $2.00; or any two volumes, with a year's subscription to the *Independent*, for $3.00.

JOHN R. ANDERSON, Publisher,
Hartford, Conn.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1878 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1878 will probably be the largest ed